

The TATLER

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CRIMSON ROBE OF STATE, WITH THE CAP OF

MAINTENANCE; THE GOLDEN IMPERIAL

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THE ROBE OF PURPLE VELVET WITH THE

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GENEALOGICAL TABLE OF THE

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EDWARD'S CROWN) USED FOR THE ACT OF

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ORB

"HALL-MARKS OF THE BRITISH

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THE KING'S STATE COACH

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INCLUDES MARY II., WHO WAS JOINT SOVE-

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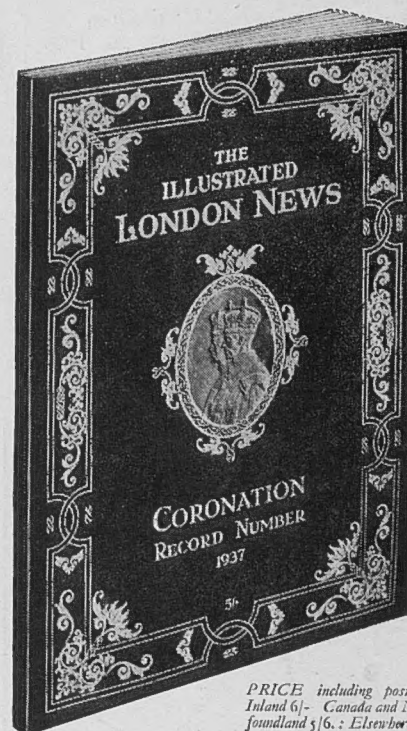
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THE KING ON FAMILY AND PUBLIC OCCASIONS.

THE QUEEN WHEN SHE WAS LADY ELIZABETH BOWES-

LYON.

THE QUEEN'S ANCESTRAL SCOTTISH HOME.

THE QUEEN'S INTEREST AND ACTIVITIES.

TOWN AND COUNTRY HOMES OF THE KING & QUEEN

THE ROYAL FAMILY AS DOG-LOVERS.

THE LITTLE PRINCESSES: GAMES AND PASTIMES OF

CHILDHOOD.

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The TATTLER

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POSTAGE: Inland 2d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 4d. Price One Shilling



MRS. HARRY ROY—PRINCESS PEARL OF SARAWAK

A study of the beautiful wife of Mr. Harry Roy as she appears in his latest film, *Rhythm Racketeer*, which is being produced by Mr. Joe Rock at the Rock Studios, Elstree, and is being directed by Mr. James Seymour. All advance news about it is most eulogistic. Mrs. Harry Roy is the younger daughter of Sir Charles Vyner Brooke and the Hon. Lady Brooke, the Rajah and Rani of Sarawak, the only white rulers in the world bearing those titles. Their eldest daughter is Lady Inchcape

PANORAMA



Hay Wrightson

LADY ROSEMARY ELIOT

A niece of the Duke of Beaufort, a goddaughter of Princess Arthur of Connaught and one of the most important of the Coronation débutantes, Lady Rosemary Eliot is the elder daughter of the late Lord St. Germans and of Lady Blanche Douglas. She has hunted with the Duke of Beaufort's hounds since she was quite a small child, having had the advantage of being taught to ride by her mother, who, it will be remembered, was joint author with Lady Apsley of that admirable book on riding and hunting "To Whom The Goddess"

"The truth is bitter and disagreeable to fools."—CHRYSOSTOM.

THERE are few men strong enough to bear the whole and unreserved truth, and none brave enough to live it. Falsehood, so sweet, sugary and agreeable, is the jam of social existence, and the central heating of domestic bliss.

Only in those moments of self-honesty when man faces himself alone with his God does he see the futility of himself and wish for sincerity.

But the bitter, biting wind of truth is too much for his nakedness and hastily he wraps himself again in the furs of deceit!

* * *

It is Holy Week, and the wheels of the social machine have slowed down temporarily. Dances for débutantes no longer occur every night. That's not to say that people are not enjoying themselves—for Lent is not too strictly observed these days, and one or two brides have even been known to choose Holy Week for their weddings.

Looking forward, Panorama can announce that balls for débutantes begin again on the 31st of the



Bassano

LADY COPE AND HER DAUGHTER JOAN

Photographed in the library at Eversley Manor in Hampshire where Sir Denzil and Lady Cope and their family of two are now in residence, Sir Denzil having disposed of Bramshill Park. Sir Denzil Cope succeeded his father as 14th baronet in 1932, and used to be in the Hampshire Regiment. Lady Cope is a daughter of the late Mr. Edward B. Hilton, who was well known both in Paris and New York



JUST ENGAGED

Miss Daphne Kingsmill and her fiancé, Mr. John Purbrick, second son of the Member for the Walton Division of Liverpool, Mr. Reginald Purbrick. Miss Kingsmill is the second daughter of Mrs. Redmond McGrath and a sister of Mrs. Frank Furlong

month, and go on nightly after that until the end of July, with a short break during Ascot week.

Chaperons are already complaining of weariness! Their advance preparations for the début of their young charges have succeeded so well that they are almost regretting the expenditure of so much energy. Judged merely from the point of view of the number of dances she will have to attend, every Coronation year débutante has the chance of being a "brilliant success."

By the time these words are in print Easter holiday-makers will be thinking of leaving London. Le Touquet, one hears, is to have its usual complement of "regulars," so those who see one another most nights of the week in London will know that they are not to be parted for the holiday season. Spending nights in a casino and returning to bed at dawn isn't exactly my idea of a well-earned holiday, but everyone to his choice, and being seen at the "right places" is less important these days than doing exactly as one pleases!

The King and Queen, following the example of the late King George V and Queen Mary, have decided on an Easter holiday at home. Home in this case being Royal Lodge, Windsor Great Park—they don't expect to move into Windsor Castle until some time early in April. One way and another there has been a great deal of "reshuffling" necessary at the Castle, and the Queen, in spite of the demands on her time, has managed to pay a few visits to Windsor

to supervise arrangements there. She and the King will leave Royal Lodge, which has been a home to them in every sense of the word, with regret. Royal residences are always very "Royal," and the Queen will miss the "homely" atmosphere of Royal Lodge when she moves to the historical castle on the hill, lovely as it is.

* * *

Guests who were lucky enough to be asked to the dinner parties at Buckingham Palace last week, or to the afternoon party, were unanimous in expressing their enjoyment. The King and Queen have the gift, which the late King George and Queen Mary also possessed, of making guests feel completely at ease.

The first party of all, guests at which were ambassadors and ministers and British ambassadors and their wives, was a brilliant success.

To begin with, it was delightfully informal. That is an adjective which cannot always be applied to Royal entertainments, but on this occasion, however, the description is apt. The explanation is that the ambassadors and ministers were representing their respective sovereigns, a position entirely different from that which arises when the guests of the King and Queen are also their subjects.

Members of the Diplomatic Corps are so accustomed to "falling into line," so to speak, in order of precedence that they did it automatically before they left the smaller state room, where they assembled on arrival, for the one in which Their Majesties waited for their guests.

As I said, the move was almost instinctive. It had been intimated to guests that the party was a purely informal and private one. The King, who greeted his guests with a smile and a handshake, conveyed the impression that he was delighted to see everyone as he or she was



A RECENT ENGAGEMENT: MR. W. B. HARRIS AND MISS ELIZABETH COATES

The bride-elect is the younger daughter of Captain Sir Clive and Lady Celia Coates, the former Lady Celia Crewe-Milnes, one of Lord Crewe's daughters by his first marriage. Mr. William Barclay Harris is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Cecil Harris, of Moatlands, East Grinstead

Queen led their guests to the tea room.

Ladies-in-Waiting went to and fro, bringing up special friends to have a talk with the Royal hosts.

The two little Princesses, in frilly, pink frocks, stood by their parents, Princess Margaret tremendously excited as this was her first grown-up party. Her eager eyes missed nothing! Princess Elizabeth has often been described as being exactly like her grandmother, Queen Mary, in character and disposition. But as nothing, or very little, escapes the sharp eyes and shrewd brain of that gracious lady, so her younger granddaughter, Princess Margaret Rose, definitely resembles her.

Princess Elizabeth gave a charming little curtsy to those guests who, having already met her, came up to have a few words. Both Princesses already have delightful manners and faithfully observe the old-fashioned principle that "little

not heard" as well as the other and equally—in these days—novel maxim of speaking only when spoken to!

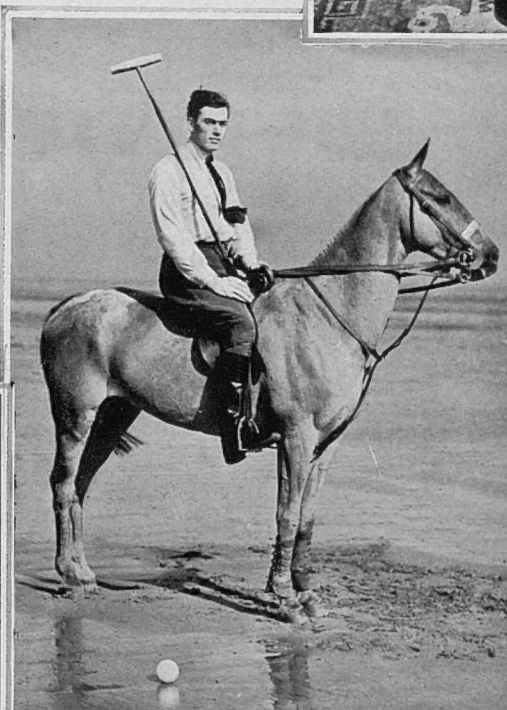
The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester helped to do the honours. The Duchess, since her husband has been obliged to take a more prominent part in public life, is fast losing her shyness, though not her graciousness and charm.

The Princess Royal, in green, was for some time in earnest conversation with the Austrian Minister. She thanked him for his trouble in arranging for her comfort during her journey to Austria to see the Duke of Windsor.

Amaryllis and white lilies in great jars were used for decoration. The Queen's taste in flowers usually inclines to pale colours. Those used at the two dinner parties given last week (March 15 and 17) were sent from the Royal gardens.

Diplomats never give themselves away, but there was a slight air of expectant alertness as Herr von Ribbentrop, the German Ambassador, was presented. Expectations that he would give a full Nazi salute, as on previous occasions,

(Continued overleaf)



THE HON. KEITH ROUS STARTS POLO PRACTICE

A snapshot on the sands at Minehead, where some people are busy knocking the ball about in preparation for the West Somerset Polo Season, which opens at Easter. The Hon. Keith Rous was in the Navy and played with some of the R.N. sides during last season. He is Lord Stradbroke's second son

announced by Sir Sidney Clive, Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps.

The Queen, hatless, and in blue lace with several rows of very lovely pearls, looked very attractive, and her sweet smile made everyone feel happy and at ease.

A Guards band played as the King and



LADY PATRICIA MACKAY REHEARSES FOR THE BOAT RACE EVE BALL

There was a Cabaret of Youth at the Boat Race Eve Ball at Grosvenor House, and Lady Patricia Mackay was a decorative part of it in her motoring kit. She is Lord Inchcape's daughter by his first marriage

PANORAMA—continued

were not fulfilled. Frau von Ribbentrop, like several others, wore a short dress. This slightly shocked some of the older generation. At Court parties, even informal ones, long afternoon dresses are usually worn.

One of the best dressed women—Madame Yoshida, wife of the Japanese Ambassador—was in a Western dress. She missed, one felt, an opportunity of introducing a picturesque note into the gathering.

Madame Grouitch, wife of the Yugoslav Minister, has known the King since boyhood and was given a cordial reception. Her royal blue frock—long, worn with a fur cape, and a blue hat trimmed with feathers matching her dress—was very smart.

Lady D'Abernon, wife of the representative of an older school of diplomacy, is one of those lucky beings to whom grey hair seems to give an added look of youth. Wisely, she wore all black, the most successful setting she could have chosen for her delicate complexion and silvery head.

Mrs. Bingham, recently back from America, kept up traditions of her transatlantic smartness.

Altogether a delightful party from which those who were present went away with the satisfactory feeling that they had been most welcome guests!

The Queen, as one writes, has announced most of the ladies of her household, but still remains silent on the subject of Maids of Honour and those Duchesses who will carry her canopy at the Coronation.

As to the latter, the two young duchesses—of Roxburghe and Norfolk—are freely "tipped." The Duchess of Buccleuch would be a natural choice, and there is the young Duchess of Richmond, with whose husband's family the Royal Family have been on friendly terms for many years.

The Duchess of Rutland, too, might well be chosen. The Rutland family will, in any case, be well represented in Westminster Abbey at the Coronation ceremony.

No queen could wish for a prettier pair of train-bearers than the cousins, Lady Ursula Manners and Lady Elizabeth Paget. Dark hair, vivid, eager-eyed, both girls are immensely popular, charming and sweet as well as easy to look at.

Pretty Lady Iris Mountbatten has all her mother's gentle charm as well as good looks. Unlike so many of her contemporaries, she has not been about to the nightly parties for girls. This is a pleasure her future partners will enjoy only after she has been to Court.

Almost the last and one of the best dances of the pre-Easter season was given by Lady Lisburne—like Lady d'Abernon, the owner of lovely dead-white hair—for her second daughter, Lady Honor Vaughan, a débutante well in the running, I should say, as the "winner" for the 1937 débutante stakes.

Lady Honor is as attractive as her elder sister, now Lady Gloria Fisher, so there were plenty of willing hostesses to give dinner parties for the occasion. Lady Honor carried a bouquet of red roses at her ball. Their dark colour looked especially effective against the back-ground of her gold lamé dress, an original note for a début—while her mother wore white satin.

Lady Gloria Fisher, in the rôle of chaperon, brought a party of dinner guests to 33, Grosvenor Square, lent by Madame de Bittencourt, proud and fond grandmother of Lady Honor, for the occasion. Some of the guests—for Lady Lisburne did not confine her invitations to young people only, but mixed her ages, as so many wise dance hostesses have been doing this year—were recalling the days when Lady Lisburne herself was qualifying for the honour of being the prettiest débutante of her season. The two beautiful de Bittencourt sisters made a triumphant appearance in London Society. The younger, Elita, is now the wife of the best game shot in England, Colonel George Philippi.

Is the Coronation going to create a dress record for Britain?

The silk used for the purple velvet ceremonial robes to be worn by the Queen, the Duchess of Gloucester, and the Duchess of Kent has been spun in England. The producers were the worms at Lady Hart Dyke's farm at Lullingstone Castle, near Eynsford, Kent. The same silkworms, about a million of them, spun the silk to be used for the satin to be made into the Queen's gown and the dress to be worn by the Duchess of Gloucester.

Queen Mary went to see the silkworms last year. King Edward VIII, now Duke of Windsor, expressed a hope that the robes might be of British silk, a hope which has been fulfilled. These all-British robes will be especially pleasing to the Queen, for she takes the keenest interest in British fabrics.

As for Lady Hart Dyke, it's curious, isn't it, to think that a schoolgirl's passion for keeping silkworms should have resulted in the forming of what promises to be a flourishing British industry in the not far distant future.

One can't say yet that the silkworms are British-born. They still come from Italy and France. But you can't expect miracles from an infant industry—and soon even the silkworms will be born in England.

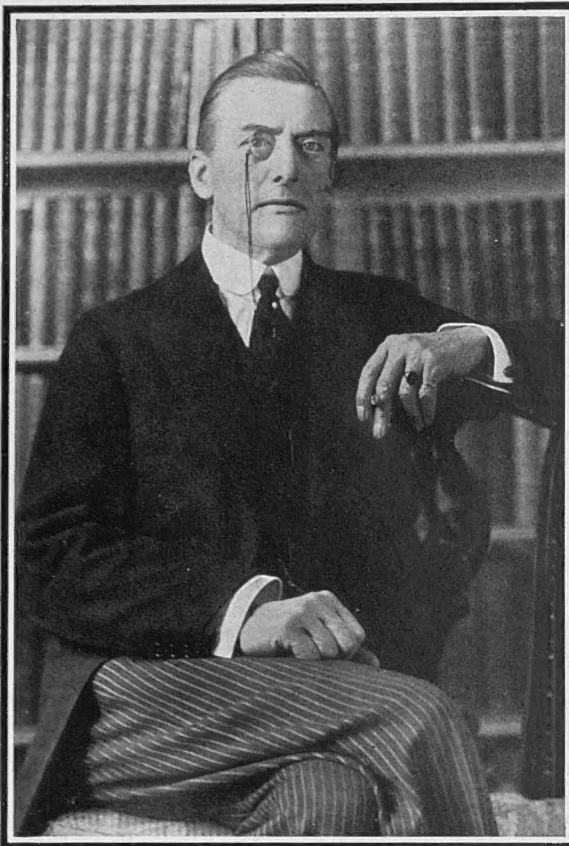
And, by the way, any owners of mulberry trees that are not close enough to rose trees to get sprayed with arsenical wash directed against greenfly might help the industry by sending Lady Hart Dyke mulberry fodder for her silkworms. It's important that the leaves should be clean. Otherwise mortality among the silkworms can be reckoned as being at the rate of several hundred thousand in a few hours.

All this preliminary talk about the Budget and the possibility of a rise in income tax doesn't seem to frighten the charitable open-handed public.

About the last of the gala-for-charity-film first nights before Easter at the Gaumont Theatre netted over £1,750, and there are going to be many other opportunities for giving before the "Coronation Season" is over.

Lady Bridgett Poulett and her brother are a picturesque couple these days—he with a long evening cape lined with red, she with a long blue cloak with white shell embroidery round the shoulders. Lady Anne and Lady Peggy Cavendish, working for "the cause" as programme sellers, were in the foyer, and pretty Zara Mainwaring was also programme selling, as well as that good-looking pair of sisters, Beatrice and Rosemary Grosvenor.

After the film I hurried to Prince's Gate for the dance at the Iranian Legation given to celebrate the birthday of the Shah of Iran. The party was less picturesque than I expected. I had hoped for flowing robes and turbans as gay as birds of paradise, but Western fashions predominated.



THE LATE SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN

The passing of Sir Austen Chamberlain leaves a gap in the ranks of the statesmen of the world which, at a juncture in affairs as we find them to-day, constitutes a loss that is grievous indeed. Though he withdrew from office in 1931, his influence on the high politics of the State in no wise diminished, and his sage counsel was ever at the disposal of those who were more immediately concerned with the conduct of both national and international affairs. In his personal entity Sir Austen Chamberlain was well beloved, and the tributes which have been paid by members of all parties in the House are eloquent evidence of this fact. Nothing truer has been said in this regard than the words of the Leader of the Opposition: "... a great Parliamentarian and a very great gentleman"

THE WELSH GUARDS GO OVER THE TOP



THE NERVOUS MOMENTS BEFORE:
Mr. R. E. W. Sale, Captain and Mrs. J. H. V. Higgon, and Mr. P. V. Makin



AND AFTER THE BATTLE
Lt.-Col. Fox-Pitt (won Heavyweight Race on "Wineberry")
Col. M. B. Beckwith-Smith (won Lightweight Race on "Vinegar Hill"), and the Hon. H. K. A. Cecil



MAJOR SIR ALEXANDER AND LADY STANIER, MRS. FOX-PITT,
WIFE OF THE C.O., AND MISS CYNTHIA MILLER

There is not much need to say what the going was like when the Welsh Guards decided to fight out their regimental contests over the Bicester Point-to-Point course at Somerton. After the battle everyone went on to the meet at Baynard's Green. The Bicester Master, Mr. R. E. Field-Marsham, who used to be in the Bays, is seen watching the Point-to-Point with his wife. As to the results it is always heartening to the young to see the not-quite-so-young cutting out the work, and everyone was very pleased to see both the O.C. the Regiment and Regimental District, and the C.O. earning brackets. Col. M. B. Beckwith-Smith won the Lightweights on his own horse, "Vinegar Hill"—a good fighting name—and Lt.-Col. W. A. F. L. Fox-Pitt won the Heavyweights on "Wineberry"—a great performance by the two officers head of the list. On top of this, moreover, Major Sir Alexander Stanier rode the runner-up in the Heavweight Race, "Sportsman VI"



MR. AND MRS. R. E. FIELD-MARSHAM LOOK ON

THE CINEMA

A Piece of Nonsense

By JAMES AGATE



LEADERS OF THEIR ART: PAUL MUNI, LUISE RAINER
AND FRANK CAPRA

The subjects of the above picture are the winners for 1936 of the awards respectively for the best performances by an actor, an actress and a director in the film industry. Paul Muni's success was assured by his acting in *Louis Pasteur*, Luise Rainer gained her prize for her superb portrayal of Anna Held in *The Great Ziegfeld* and Frank Capra for his *Mr. Deeds Goes To Town*.

HOW many people does it take to make a film-play? According to the programme, *Thunder in the City* at the London Pavilion is a screen-play by Robert E. Sherwood, Aben Kandel, and Akos Tolnay. (Amos 'n Andy were not invited to collaborate, though they might have been!) There is what is called a scenario by a fourth person, and "additional dialogue" by a fifth. These five people have worked hard to produce what must be very nearly the most foolish film that has ever been put forward for serious consideration. As I am glad of any temporary opportunity which puts off consideration of this film's foolishness, let me turn to the programme itself, which the programme-girl handed to me whispering that I should find it very interesting. Here are two extracts. The first is entitled "Silence is Golden":—

"One Hollywood producer purchased a rhinoceros outright for £2,000 just for one screen appearance. After the picture was finished the animal was sold for just half its cost. Another studio recently paid £8,000 for the hire of sixteen lions, seven elephants, four leopards, eleven warthogs, and some zebras and giraffes. Lions command a hiring fee of from £5 to £20 a day; trained monkeys cost £10 to £30 a day; camels, giraffes and zebras range from £5 to £15 a day; sharks cost at least £10 a day; snakes are worth £10 a day with a similar amount going to their trainer; a trained skunk is in demand at £2 a day and a trained jackass £3; saddle horses cost £2 daily; racing thoroughbreds at least £3. Trick horses and mules get their £5 a day, while geese, chickens, sheep and pigs range from 2s. to 5s. a day each."

There is something odd about all this. Why should it cost eight thousand pounds to hire sixteen lions, seven elephants, eleven warthogs, and so forth? Can there be more than one person wanting to hire, say, warthogs at any one time? In the absence of competition the hirer ought to be able to dictate the price, for he has only to say he doesn't want the damned things when the hirer will have to go on feeding them and getting nothing against their keep! As against this, of course, there is the fact that it must be a risky business maintaining a menagerie in case anybody should want to come along and hire some of the specimens. On the other hand, I read that Hollywood's demand for animals is sufficient to keep thirty menageries going. My programme also gives me this:—

"When a young actor or actress is playing an aged character on the screen, most difficult youthful trait to disguise is the walk. Jeanette MacDonald, to attain an aged walk for brief old-age scenes in *Maytime*, wore special weights of two pounds on each foot."

Comment is unnecessary.

And now to come to *Thunder in the City*. This tells how one Dan Armstrong, a high-pressure sales manager to a firm of motor manufacturers in New York, is sacked because his business methods are too audacious. What is meant is that his advertising methods are too vulgar, though it is quite possible that this word is not known in America. Here I should like to insert a passage from Mr. Carl Crow's most entertaining book, *400 Million Customers*:—

"The intelligent and observant foreigner who has lived in China for a long time has, with his detached point of view, a better knowledge of the Chinese than they have of themselves. This is no reflection on the Chinese mentality. But if I wanted to find out something about the psychology of, say, the Latvians, I would much prefer to ask an American who had lived in that little half-pint size country than to take the opinion of a native Latvian. In fact, asking the native of any country about the tastes and psychology of his own countrymen is like asking an orange tree about how an orange blossom smells. The tree doesn't know because it has no basis of comparison."

Similarly, I do not see how in the matter of vulgarity Hollywood can have any basis of comparison. Anyhow, Dan arrives in England only to discover that he is a distant relation of Sir Peter and Lady Challenor, who are great friends of the Duke and Duchess of Glenavon. The Duke is played by Mr. Nigel Bruce, who looks like following very exactly in the footsteps of the late Norman Forbes. The physical difference between them is that between Falstaff and Slender, but it is the similarity of their careers with which I am concerned. Norman Forbes, who began as an execrable *jeune premier*, became one of the most delightful old-men actors the stage has known. Even his best friends used to pass over Mr. Bruce's first attempts at acting by saying what a delightful fellow he was in private life. But in middle age he is becoming a very fine actor indeed. And his Duke in this film is the very best thing in bucolic portliness. The Duchess is most amusingly turned by Miss Constance Collier into a phial of the best possible vinegar. This is patrician-hood at its best, with something of old-time about it. Eyebrows are triumphal arches under which conquerors have passed, while mouth, nose, and chin are so many lays of Ancient Rome. This beauty that was has taken on a weather-beaten grandeur, like the salt-encrusted prow of a ship ploughing its way to Carthage!

But I must be getting back to that film. Dan discovers that the only asset of the Glenavon estate is an unexploited mine in Rhodesia, which contains a miracle metal known as "magnalite." It is typical of film methods that this metal is spelled "magnalite" in the programme, "magnelite" on the screen, and pronounced "magnolite" by everybody in the company. Dan, who is penniless, buys the mine for an immense sum and floats it, using the vulgarest American methods to boost the stuff which, being stronger than aluminium and lighter than steel, is to make anything from aeroplanes to fountain-pens.

But the secret of handling magnalite is in the hands of a rival, and we are asked to believe that Dan got millions out of the British public without having acquired with the stuff the process to use it. The leading figure in this jamboree is Mr. Edward Robinson, of the Chinese eyes and muffin cheeks. Mr. Robinson wants very special casting, and is admirable as a crook with a heart of gold. As an honest man with a brain of putty he is less admirable.

The Lady Patricia is played by Miss Luli Deste with an Austrian accent accounted for by prolonged sojourns in Vienna. So likely for the daughter of a Duke and Duchess who are so impoverished that they can hardly afford to buy a bun at a bazaar in Beaconsfield!

J. A.

GUNNERS AND GIRLS



"HAWK ISLAND" AT THE R.A. THEATRE: MRS. H. L. DUNCAN (SALLY) AND MAJOR V. G. SMYTH (GREGORY)



MRS. R. N. SYME (STELLA) ASSISTS IN MAKING UP CAPTAIN E. G. M. GOODWIN (CAPTAIN WESTOVER)



IN "HAWK ISLAND" AT WOOLWICH: MR. H. L. DUNCAN (PARRISH) AND MISS M. DE PREZ (MADELEINE)



AT THE PREMIÈRE OF "THREE SMART GIRLS": THE DUCHESS OF RUTLAND, THE MARCHIONESS OF TITCHFIELD AND EVELYN LAYE



AT THE GAUMONT FOR "THREE SMART GIRLS": MISS VIOLET LORRAINE, THE MARCHIONESS OF TITCHFIELD AND LADY MARSHALL

Officers of that Regiment which is "first among the women and amazin' first in war" gave further proof of their versatility last week in their highly successful production of *Hawk Island*, a play by Howard Irving Young. Some of the performers are seen in the pictures at the top of the page. Below are photographs taken at the première of *Three Smart Girls* at the Gaumont, an occasion which was in aid of the Margaret Club and Nursery. Lovely Evelyn Laye, recently returned from America, arrived with the Duchess of Rutland and the Marchioness of Titchfield. The latter is the Duke of Portland's heir: he has represented the Newark division of Nottingham in the Commons since 1922. "Vi" Lorraine, our idol of the old days of *The Bing Boys*, was also there to see this brilliant little comedy of the three flappers whose complicated and cunning intrigues eventually succeed in saving their father from a fate apparently much worse than death at the hands of a beautiful gold-digger



AT THE HARKAWAY CLUB 'CHASES

A very wintry snapshot taken at Chaddesley Corbett, where this jumping meeting was held, and in the group are Lord Cobham, who is President of the Club, Mrs. S. G. Siddon and Mr. M. H. Tollit

THE Grand Military, as indeed every other meeting for the last two months, was spoilt by rain and the going was like the mud off Hungerford Stairs. Nevertheless, fields were pretty good owing to owners not having been able to run their horses elsewhere; in fact, one trainer told me his Grand National horse had been taken to seven meetings and not had one run to give him a sharpen up for the big race. With regard to this, it is rather a moot point whether the stewards do not rather exceed in cancelling meetings. It would seem that they should only decide it, in their opinion, it is safe to race or not. The state of the going is not their piece of pidgeon: it is for the owners and trainers to decide if they will run their horses. The Maiden Military Hunters race is generally a shambles, and three miles in this going looked like fetching down a good many of them, though, excepting for one which galloped slap into the open ditch and flung his rider clear over the top, most of them slipped and fell on the flat. The finish was a good thrill, three of them riding abreast with their whips out into the last fence as if they didn't care if it was made of bricks or bronze. One was just unlucky and, meeting it wrong, took a frightful ender unhurt but, as one cold-blooded jockey remarked, "They get paid 6s. 8d. a day to get destroyed, and Sandown's just as good as Flanders."

I am not a member of Sandown for a variety of reasons. The racing on a crowded day can be seen better from Tattersall's lawn, the market is easier to study, and the executive is discourteous in not admitting owners to the members when they have entries. Using it, however, on a "soldiers' day," I do give the new bar under the Tote full marks. With its enormous windows looking straight down the course, one only needs a deck of broads and a runner to do one's bets to race in comfort in any weather without getting out of one's chair.

There always seems to me to be rather a note of sadness about the Grand Military meeting. So many faces that one only saw once a year, at this meeting, are missing each year. So many new names figure on the number board, and so few of the old ones. However, the spirit is the same, and the riding, in many cases, a great deal better. No amount of tanks, armoured cars and other evil-smelling engines will destroy these lads' love of chasing. Good luck to them.

Despite its gubby discomfort, its fluky course, and its

Racing Ragout

By "GUARDRAIL"

bitter cold and its moderate racing, Lincoln and the start of the Flat generally gives me rather a thrill. Usually, I have some pathetic-looking runt running to make sure that its death warrant hasn't been signed over hastily; but this year I had nothing, and it left me cold. I wish I could say it was due to having better class horses, but it is merely because they couldn't be got ready. The only three-year-old hasn't grown an inch, and looks like making history at Harringay, whereas one of the two-year-olds has grown an inch narrower and an inch taller behind every week since I bought him, and will no doubt run very forward at the 1938 Manchester backend meeting. I think he is to be called Ethelred.

One filly, as a yearling, had all the matronly appearance of a three-litre (or however you classify them) Hereford cow, and will probably prove to have the same dash. Another, as far as I could make out on the 'phone, has hit his joints, his hocks—in fact, everything except his withers and the lad what rides him. I suppose he will run in leg irons, like a rickety child, amid my blushes much later on.

Looking through the Lincoln entries I see a Crimson Square filly. It seems to me a very long time since I have not seen a Crimson Square two-year-old entered here, and at the early meetings. Barring the possible waste of a good name on a worthless animal, I can see no real reason why all two-year-olds shouldn't have to be named before running. It's only a little extra trouble, and makes it so much simpler for all concerned. Another thing is that when people give their animals a jaw-breaking name the first three issues of the Calendar should give the phonetic spelling thereof. The B.B.C. are supposed to be the last word in correct pronunciation, but though Cholmondeley may be pronounced Chumley, I have no faith in their idea that, on collateral form, Muntz should be pronounced Moons.

The Premium Show at Islington produced a pretty good show of stallions. The winner, even if as

I seem to remember him as a somewhat reluctant racehorse, is a good-looking individual. There seems to be an enormous trade for stallions, and indeed all bloodstock, at the moment with foreign countries. Russia is nearly insatiable, and there is no doubt that unless the Fuhrer intends to see the quality of his country's horses go back out of recognition he will have to pull out some of his hoarded "ready" and come to England for some new blood. From what I know of most owners and breeders, they will be unwilling to trade for typewriters. I have never tried them myself, but I give him the tip for what it is worth.

Lord Astor's luck in the Derby has become proverbial and would make Job's little worries look like fleabites (which Job, as a good native of Palestine, would not have minded). He has run second on no less than five occasions—with Buchan (1919), Craig-an-Eran (1921), Tamar (1922), St. German's (1924), and Blink in the substitute race at Newmarket in 1918. Now Early School, his unbeaten candidate for 1937, has been struck out of the race. The colt was fired for tendons last year, and later on suffered a leg injury that "went wrong on him," and his chances, apparently, are small for future racing. Such consistent ill-fortune must turn some time.



JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE

Mr. G. A. Murray Smith tying the knot on his wife's cap before she went out to do battle in the Harkaway Club Ladies' 'chase at Chaddesley Corbett. This is always rather a tense moment in any jockey's career

RECENT MEETS IN VARIOUS LOCALITIES



Frank O'Brien

HUNTING IN IRELAND: LORD AND LADY KILDARE AND MISS NOREEN PONSONBY



Truman Howell

WHEN THE GLAMORGANSHIRE MET AT COEDARHYDGLYN: LADY ANNE BRIDGEMAN AND MR. RHYS LLEWELLYN, M.F.H. (THE TALYBONT)



IN THE BELVOIR COUNTRY: MRS. JOHN VAUGHAN AND MRS. C. W. TOMKINSON



Guy and Collier

SIR R. S. HOLLAND, MR. C. FELLOWES AND THE HEYTHROP MASTER, LORD ASHTON



IN COUNTY DOWN: COMM. KIRKPATRICK, M.S.H., AND ERROL FLYNN, FILM STAR

Recent hunting occasions with five different packs caused these photographs to be taken. Not long ago the Scarteen ("Black and Tans") were invited by the Tipperary to have a day in their country. A very big field, reinforced by Waterford, Kilkenny and Limerick riding lights, gathered. Among its members were the Duke of Leinster's son and daughter-in-law, whose marriage took place last October. Lady Anne Bridgeman, so well known in Leicestershire, went down to South Wales the other day, to stay at St. Fagan's Court with Sir David and Lady Llewellyn, and go hunting with Welsh hounds. Mr. Rhys Llewellyn, Master of the Talybont, which hunt in Brecknockshire, is the eldest son of Sir David Llewellyn, owner of Ego. Mrs. Charles Tomkinson often comes down from Cheshire to hunt with the Melton packs. She is seen with the châteline of Craven Lodge, which, according to report, General and Mrs. Vaughan will not be running as a home from home for fox-hunters after this season. The Heythrop met not long ago at Westwell Manor, the home of Sir Reginald Sothorn Holland. Errol Flynn, star of "The Charge of the Light Brigade," goes hunting occasionally with the County Down Staghounds. His parents, Professor and Mrs. Thomson Flynn, live in Belfast

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

Noel Coward's Autobiography.

IT is, I know, a very disagreeable trait, but whenever I am intensely interested I am intensely irritable. The people who jabber through a concert, the people who can't keep quiet in a theatre, the people and things which interrupt me while I am absorbed in a book . . . if ever I commit murder, it will be then! I wish, among the "fal-lals" of so-called education, there were scholarships for the Art of Being Still. It is a curious fact that so very few people can ever be quiet yet happy. They always seem terrified, as if standing within the shadow of death, whenever there is not a noise going on, either self-made or from the outside. Curiously enough, only very, very rarely do they make a clamour for a good purpose. It is as if they fear being thought unsociable unless they keep up the endless twaddle which passes for conversation, undertaken seemingly at all costs. And yet the very few conversations worth listening to are so rare as to be remarkable even on a day considerably less dull than usual.

I wonder why so many men and women seem to save up all their bright patter for moments when other people are trying to concentrate their attention? And with regard to places of entertainment, the more expensive the seats, the worse the public manners. I wish, therefore, I belonged to the select few who can shut themselves within their own thoughts even while the radio is blaring forth. I think of Jane Austen writing her masterpieces while her family, so to speak, twittered all around her. I think of Emily Brontë writing "Wuthering Heights" and composing her poems while she made pastry and cooked the joint for the family. I marvel at the landscape-artist creating beauty on canvas while the local crowd of villagers stand in groups to watch him, as if presently he might suddenly bring a rabbit out of his hat. I envy those who can live peacefully and completely while dogs bark, a gramophone is grinding out any old melody next door; wives who can live contentedly with husbands about the house all day, husbands who can return home dog-tired from business to wives who think themselves neglected unless being "taken out" most evenings; and mothers who, after hours with a fractious child, can still keep up the "oodle-oddleums" of soothing encouragement to better behaviour. They are really very wonderful, and I wish I could emulate them. But I can't! The more interested I am, the more "edgy." I always think that if I were bound to lose a major sense, I would choose the sense of hearing. I would lose a lot, but, on the other hand, there would be distinct gains. Whereas blindness or paralysis have no compensations.

Which leads me up to the statement that while I was reading Noel Coward's autobiography, "Present Indicative" (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.), I was extremely "difficult." It is not everybody's book, perhaps. They must suck up backstage gossip like blotting-paper if it will absorb all their attention. They must love the theatre and everything connected with it. Most of all, they must be interested, psychologically speaking, in the rise to phenomenal success of a young man who, as he owns, was in the beginning overwhelmed and mentally enervated by his early popularity; but who is now finding his symbolical "feet" away from the "buzzers" who buzz around success and suck it dry of any attitude of mind permanently valuable and satisfying to the creative artist. Illness and the subsequent loneliness of convalescence, the silly and hysterical fury which followed the first night of his play *Sirocco*, have done more, so he hints, for his real development as a

dramatist, to say nothing of his personal happiness, than all the "mushy" adulation of the crowd who flocked around him in the beginning, and would, and do, still flock . . . only he has now found that creative world within himself which is inwardly bored by flocks.

Apart from his first successful play, *The Vortex*, his real genius as a dramatist with an uncanny *flair* for the dramatically effective, and not only dramatically effective, but with an "idea" behind the effectiveness, surely dates from *Bitter Sweet*. And it is interesting to learn that this enchanting and strangely moving operetta gave its creator, out of all his successful plays, "the greatest personal pleasure." But that is the great charm of the book, as an autobiography. He is



WINIFRED GRAHAM: AUTHORESS OF "THE WISE MAN HATH SAID—"

Winifred Graham tells us in the Preface of her new novel, "The Wise Man Hath Said—" (Hutchinson), that she feels she has no reason to apologise to Mr. Beverley Nichols for naming her book the exact opposite to his "The Fool Hath Said—". She reminds us that "God hath no pleasure in fools," but "The wise man's eyes are in his head." A broadcast about "The Wise Man Hath Said—" is to be given in Australia, because this, her latest, story has a world-wide appeal. In private life Winifred Graham is Mrs. Theodore Cory



MR. WILLIAM TEELING: THE AUTHOR AND TRAVELLER

Mr. William Teeling, the author of "Gods of To-morrow," amongst many other works, is once more off on his travels, this time to Yugo-Slavia, where he is giving a series of lectures principally about his experiences on former wanderings all over Europe. "Gods of To-morrow," a clever book, is enjoying a great vogue in the Dominions, as well as in the South Seas, China and Japan. The author is busy finishing a book on the influence of the Pope and the Roman Catholic Church on world politics

frank to a degree, not only with himself but with others; about the latter, however, never unkindly. The early years, when his mother, Mrs. Coward, had a boarding-house in Ebury Street, are as cheerful and jolly as the account of the family's subsequent appearance in a delightful country house in Kent. This is typical of the book's "mentality." "I am neither stupid nor scared," he writes, "and my sense of my own importance to the world is relatively small. On the other hand, my sense of my own importance to myself is tremendous. I am all I have, to work with, to play with, to suffer and enjoy. It is not the eyes of others that I am wary of, but my own. I do not intend to let myself down more than I can possibly help, and I find that the fewer illusions that I have about me or the world around me, the better company I am for myself. Naturally in 1925 my reasoning on myself was not as clear as it is now, but the nucleus was fortunately there. I opened my arms a little too wide to everything that came, and enjoyed it. Later on, just a little while later on—three years, to be exact—circumstances showed me that my acceptance had been a thought too credulous. The 'darling' of the London Theatre received what can only be described as a sharp kick in the pants. And while my over-trusting behind was still smarting, I took the opportunity to do a little hard thinking." And this air of detachment from success gives the autobiography a personal value which, for me, makes it absorbing. At any rate, it is thoroughly and entirely interesting from

(Continued on page 522)

MEAL-TIMES IN

THE METROPOLIS



MRS. K. HOLLWAY WITH CAPTAIN
M. G. RODDICK



THE HON. MRS. CUNNINGHAM-
REID AND MR. HENRY CAVENDISH
AT THE RITZ



THE HON. ESMOND HARMSWORTH
AND LADY LONG



LADY ORANMORE AND BROWNE
AND MR. A. MONTGOMERY



MRS. PAT RICHARDSON AND THE
HON. MRS. DROGO MONTAGU



MR. H. BROWN AND LADY WARRENDER

The writer of a recent compendium of natural history gave a wealth of technical detail concerning *homo sapiens* but omitted to mention the habit of that genus of feeding in flocks, an inherited characteristic which (not for the first time in our pursuit of nature studies) we here illustrate. All the pictures, bar one, were taken at Quaglino's, and the genial proprietor of that haunt is seen in one of them. Captain M. G. Roddick won the Grand Military at Sandown on his own Buck Willow; he is in the 10th Hussars. The Hon. Mrs. Cunningham-Reid is Lord Mount Temple's younger daughter, she married Captain A. S. Cunningham-Reid, the Member for Marylebone, in 1927. The Hon. Esmond Harmsworth is Lord Rothermere's son and heir, while the Hon. Mrs. Drogo Montagu, seen further down the page, is a daughter of Lord Beaverbrook; she married Lord Sandwich's younger son in 1935. Lady Warrender, who is Sir Victor Warrender's wife, is a sister of Lady Leconfield. Lady Muriel Worthington is an aunt of the Earl of Aylesford; her husband, Mr. W. W. Worthington, owns Maple Hayes, near Lichfield

Photos: Swaebe



LADY MURIEL WORTHINGTON AND MR. W. W. WORTHINGTON
WITH QUAGLINO IN ATTENDANCE

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

beginning to end; the photographs illustrating it are super-excellent; there is humour and wit and shrewdness in plenty. The only criticism I have is that nicknames and Christian names are used so freely and frequently that I can imagine many people unused to the stage world having to puzzle out such people, among others, as "Cockie," Gladys, Jack, Beattie, and the rest; nor will the Index help them.

Thoughts from "Present Indicative."

"Stupid people are frequently concealed because they are subconsciously frightened of being found out. As a general rule, the most uppish people I have met have been those who have never achieved anything whatsoever."

"It is strange how many really important moments in life slip by in the procession, unnoted, and devoid of prescience. No guardian angel whacks a sharp triangle in the brain, and the heavens remain commonplace."

"People, I decided, were the danger. People were greedy and predatory, and if you gave them the chance, they would steal unscrupulously the heart and soul out of you, without really wanting to or even meaning to."

"I love to go and I love to have been, but best of all I love the intervals between arrivals and departures, the days and nights of steady, incessant movement, when the horizon is empty and time completely changes its rhythm."

Mr. J. H. Thomas's Autobiography.

The difference in self-revelation between Mr. Coward's book and that of the Rt. Hon. J. H. Thomas, "My Story" (Hutchinson; 15s.), is curious and strange. The latter is scarcely an autobiography at all. It is just an interesting book of personal opinions, anecdotes, and events, mostly political; but it might almost have been written by someone who only knew the author as an intimate acquaintance, the giver of copious notes. Of any personal intimacy, of any development within himself, as apart from the outward changes of his career, there are very few hints; too few, perhaps. Of his early years there is scarcely a glimpse. How he began as an errand-boy and became an engine-cleaner is untold. Before you have come to grips, so to speak, with the writer as a man and definite personality, he is a full-blown Councillor of Swindon, studying in his leisure hours the subject of finance. By the second chapter he has already entered Parliament. From then onwards the book is more or less a description of men and events. There is the story of 1910, when Labour first began seriously to take up its position as an important political party. For his own part, he faced his position with all that seriousness of purpose, that "push," which eventually landed him in the Cabinet. An especially interesting chapter deals with the time when he triumphed against the opposition of the Union who suspended him for standing as a Labour candidate. His war memories are interesting, too.

Later on, as a member of the Balfour Mission, his portrait of Mr. Wilson is unflattering to a degree. His speech to the railwaymen after the General Strike is here printed for the

first time, and it proves that it was the extremist section which ruined the effectiveness of that movement; as, incidentally, it always does so far as this country is concerned. His first task in the Labour Government was not a happy one, but he was given encouragement in his difficulties by the King himself; especially over the question of relieving unemployment. On the fall of the Labour Government, he declares that, with regard to the famous Zinovieff Letter, Mr. MacDonald was a perfectly innocent scapegoat. Indeed, the best portrait throughout the book is that of Mr. MacDonald, about whom he writes critically, yet with understanding and sympathy. This, however, is only one impression of famous colleagues. He made friends easily, and kept most of them, though they are rather a mixed collection. This, perhaps, is the "genius" of friendship-making. Elsewhere in the book we are given the writer's opinions and views on many subjects, and they are expressed shrewdly and clearly, whether

you agree with all of them or not. And his experiences with the Royal Family, especially with reference to King George V. and Queen Mary, make a most delightful chapter. Indeed, the whole book is interesting, though it might have been more so if only an additional personal and intimate note had been added to the matter of a political career and an outward life notable and varied. In an autobiography, however, the writer should not remain so much of a shadow as Mr. Thomas is in his otherwise very readable book.

The Lap of Luxury.

For a light novel, "Black Tie—White Tie" (Collins; 7s. 6d.), by Reita Lambert, makes pleasantly easy reading. We move in a rich world, which always makes the imagination comfortable, at any rate. True, Terry Hefton's parents had lost their fortune in the American slump, but Terry herself became secretary to the wealthy Mrs. Powers, so poverty soon became merely a memory—a most "improving" memory as a rule. However, love always seems to upset life at some moment or another. So Terry was soon estranged from her young man, Chet Sommers, who could give her only love, poverty, and the business of an unemployed architect. He was, in reality,

jealous of her luxurious surroundings, though Terry's friendship with Rufus Fowler was the main cause attributed. However, he had compensations, because Mrs. Towers' attractive niece, Nancy, first of all made it her duty to promote Chet in his profession, and then fell in love with him as part of her own personal belongings. The rest of the story concentrates on the sorting out of these four youthful people into two suitable couples. And this is done very expertly. Terry, however, unlike the old-fashioned heroines, is not torn between vice and virtue, so much as in doubt whether poverty were better for the soul than empty riches. When at last she did decide, she found an adoring husband, as well as a wealthy one, and Chet, now grown prosperous, fell in love with the ambitious Nancy, who would make him a much better wife for his purposes than Terry. It is perhaps all rather like a "fairy-story" in a modern setting, but it makes a pleasant, easy-to-read novel.



MISS DIANA WILKINSON: A CORONATION YEAR DÉBUTANTE

Miss Diana Wilkinson, who is being presented by her mother at one of the Coronation Year Courts, is the only daughter of Sir Russell and Lady Wilkinson. Sir Russell Wilkinson has been Physician to Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught since 1918 and was Physician to the late Princess Royal from 1925 to 1931

ALL HALE! BINNIE IN "HOME AND BEAUTY"



Photos.: Dorothy Wilding, Old Bond Street

BINNIE HALE, THE BRIGHT LIGHT OF "HOME AND BEAUTY"

Whether she is wearing a gorgeous creation, as per full-length portrait on right; looking soulful as in the picture in the oval frame, or showing the lads and lassies the right kit for the Keep Fit campaign, Binnie Hale almost beats her own best in this amusing A.P.H. done by C.B.C. show at the Adelphi. She has that great gift of light humour which is vouchsafed to so very few, and in this musical production, whether she is having a little verbal scrap with a temperamental prima donna, or busy in the kitchen with tea, she is quite unbeatable. Binnie Hale's voice almost made us wonder which was the prima donna. It is of wonderful quality



AT SANDWICH TO-DAY: THE
OXFORD UNIVERSITY TEAM

By the time these words appear the Oxford and Cambridge Golf Match scheduled for March 23 and 24 at Prince's, Sandwich, will be well under way. The names of the Oxford team are:

Standing: F. D. Physick, Rugby and Corpus; J. B. Webb, Charterhouse and Hertford; C. Walker, Rossall and Corpus; C. O. I. Ramsden, Eton and New College; R. C. Twining, Eton and Christ Church; I. N. Earle, Stowe and University; C. F. Grieve, Ampleforth and Christ Church. Sitting: W. I. E. Thorburn, Winchester and Trinity; K. B. Scott, Winchester and Trinity; N. S. Mitchell-Innes, Sedburgh and Brasenose (captain); K. N. Fisher, Eton and Magdalen; J. C. Lawrie, Winchester and Brasenose.

I THINK that most readers of this page will agree with me when I suggest that there has been a great deal too much of the "politics" of golf this winter and far too little getting on with the game. "The game's the thing" is a hackneyed line—but it is still true. First we had the limiting of golf clubs, then a fantastic proposal to draw lots for caddies in professional tournaments. What with protests from one side, denials from another, opinions by the dozen from famous players, and comments, "revelations," and still further denials in the Press, we have hardly had a moment's peace.

The caddies' lottery is dead, I take it, for the time being; St. Andrews having for once broken silence with a voluntary statement to the effect that they did not think the thing a workable proposition. And that, if we may be permitted to read between the lines, was not all they thought about it. Mr. Norman Boase, chairman of the Championship Committee, took the opportunity of making a neat thrust at the P.G.A. in an interview. The latter body having sent a letter to St. Andrews on the subject of limiting clubs, stating that such limitation constituted in their opinion an "unwarrantable and unnecessary interference," etc., etc., Mr. Boase was now able to reply in similar vein regarding the caddie lottery. "In my opinion," he said, "the proposed regulation interferes too much with the individual liberty of a golfer." All square.

Now the fourteen-clubs controversy has been revived by an alert colleague who discovered that a secret census was being taken of the number of clubs in everyone's bag. "I have it on good authority," he stated, "that the Rules of Golf Committee will shortly receive figures which constitute a protest from the average player that they cannot disregard." Later he continues: "I do not know what percentage of returns has been made so far, but I do know that public opinion is definitely opposed to restricting the number of clubs permissible to fourteen."

CONCERNING GOLF

By HENRY LONGHURST

I quarrel with this widely-copied story on the grounds that it is both inaccurate and misleading. Here are the facts of the case, and you may judge for yourself. The Association of Golf Club Secretaries recently sent out to their 300 members a questionnaire inviting them to state (a) their club's playing membership, including ladies; (b) the number of members who usually carried more than fourteen clubs; and (c) their *personal* views—whether they were for, against, or indifferent to the proposed rule.



Photos: Stuart

THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY TEAM

Earlier in the season, the Cambridge team, which contains two Walker Cup players, were greatly fancied to win the fifty-fourth University Golf Match. However, the good showing put up by their rivals against the strong Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society side which played both teams at Rye shortly before the Sandwich encounter, levelled up matters considerably. The names of the Cambridge team are:

Standing: G. Morton, Loretto and St. John's; R. O. Booth, Stowe and Pembroke; J. B. Ellis, Salt Lake City, Utah and St. Catharine's; S. Dalley, Canada and Emmanuel; G. H. Dixon, Eton and Magdalene; R. O. Boulter, Stowe and Clare; T. R. Macgregor, Rugby and Clare. Sitting: J. D. A. Langley, Stowe and Trinity; G. G. Carter, Stowe and Trinity; P. B. Lucas, Stowe and Pembroke (captain); J. W. D. Goodban, Bradfield and Christ's; T. S. Winton, Canford and Downing.

The various secretaries, most of whom could give an accurate estimate in advance, then consulted their caddie-master and professional and discovered how many members habitually carried fifteen clubs or more. Two hundred of them have at the moment of writing sent in their answers. When the rest have done so, the figures will be sent, without comment, to St. Andrews. What those answers are will be revealed precisely in the Secretaries' journal, *Course and Clubhouse*, at the end of the month. I am asked not to disclose them here, but am able to say that the percentage of players who habitually carry fifteen clubs is *very small indeed*.

How these figures, therefore, could be held to constitute "a protest from the average player that St. Andrews cannot disregard" defies comprehension. They should be interpreted, if they mean anything at all, as a protest by the average player against the tiny minority who carry fifteen clubs. As to the statement, "I do know that public opinion is definitely opposed to restricting the number of clubs permissible to fourteen," that, in the face of these figures, seems to go by the board too. Public opinion is a vague, indefinite thing that every man may judge for himself. We are all at liberty to interpret it as we think fit. It is worth adding, though, that public opinion, however strongly expressed, is quite valueless unless based on accurate knowledge.

SOME POWERS OF PRESS AND "PUSH"



AT THE SOLUS CLUB'S DINNER—BY "MEL"

The Solus Club is a gathering of those connected with the Press and Advertising. The ubiquitous "Mel" was at their recent dinner and above are the fruits of his gleaning. The subject for discussion upon this occasion was a resolution that an appropriation should be set aside from the National Defence Loan for the purposes of advertising, publicity and propaganda to (a) Prevent War, (b) Defer War, (c) Win the War, if it may come, in the shortest possible time. And, since every other country in the world already uses these powerful weapons to further its ends, there is a very great deal to be said in favour of the idea. Mr. T. Williams, M.P. for the Don Valley Division of Yorkshire, Sir Patrick Hannon, the Member for Birmingham (Moseley), and the Rt. Hon. A. V. Alexander, Sheffield (Hillsborough) were the speakers

NEXT WEEK: BROOKMANS PARK GOLF CLUB.

FROM THE SHIRES AND PROVINCES

From the Heythrop.

WE finish the week with three days out of a possible four, which is better than the National Hunt Meeting can boast of with only one day out of a possible three. On Monday we met at Sarsden House, where there was a nice bit of snow and a still nicer drop of drink, but we feel sure it was neither snow nor drink which was responsible for so much trouble to certain of our lady followers: one came down on the tarmac; another came down on her head; and yet another was "Absalomed" in a bullfinch; and, on the face of it, the last looked the worst. Hunting on Wednesday did not take place, out of sympathy for Cheltenham Races. On Saturday we met at Langston Arms for a final wallow in the vale. It is always refreshing on a "good" Saturday to see the hard-worked business men taking their week-end recreation: the judge, having cleared the court all the week, has great pleasure in now clearing the fences; the K.C., whose appeal to the jury is nothing to the appeal of the chase; the Stock Exchange men who, having been bears all the week, now go like bulls; the accountant adding up the fences as he goes along; and last, but not least, the farmer who has got on to the land for the first time this week.

From the York and Ainsty.

Owing to a sharp frost overnight, hardly any of the Yorkshire packs hunted on Thursday (March 11), but the York and Ainsty (South) duly kept their appointment at Escrick, in a biting east wind with fine snow falling. It wasn't surprising that only a few keen 'uns turned up to see the annual attack upon the Holly Carrs, where hounds spent about two hours hunting foxes on hardly any scent and then went home. They were out again at Rawcliffe on the Saturday—Littleworth hunting the lady pack—and a fair number of people attended. "Bert" had expressed the opinion that we should find in the first cover, which we duly did, hounds running a great pace over the new York Aerodrome and then past Rawcliffe Manor and Skelton Park almost to Shipton; this was followed by another short hunt with one of Mr. Tew's foxes from Moorlands. The country again rode terribly deep, and one almost wondered whether we ought to be hunting at all: anyhow, it was quite good fun, even if several followers did take tosses in the mud. We fear this is a very short allusion to our doings, but it's partly due to the Editor demanding our stuff by Monday morning, which means that we can't describe Monday's or Tuesday's goings-on.



THE MODBURY HARRIERS IN THE BED OF A RIVER

The Yealm at Noss Creek, South Devon, must be the only river in the kingdom that is not a roaring, raging torrent. The Master of these hounds (seen on right) is Captain W. A. B. Conran, and the huntsman (left) is Leonard Farleigh. When the Yealm is a river and not dry it is one of the prettiest in all England

From the Fernie.

The snow-clad eminences of John and Jane Ball gave the impression that hunting was impracticable when we met at Shearsby on Monday, but, nothing daunted, Peaker threw hounds into the former covert and they quickly took a fox away into the latter and killed him. This short scramble over the snow caused a lot of bailing, but the risk was forgotten when we came across an outlier, who gave us an exhilarating gallop along the Saddington Valley to Furnivals.

This put everyone in good fettle and warmed them up after standing about in the cold nor-easter. Finding next in Holloway, where the snow was still deeper, a hunt round the Laughton Hills was an unexpected boon. Those who looked forward to the National Hunt 'Chase at Cheltenham on Wednesday were again disappointed when they were turned back on the journey. The other alternative was the Hunter Show at Islington, which, as ever, brought together the hunting fraternity from all parts to this always interesting and educative meeting.

From Lincolnshire.

Twelve o'clock meets are a sure sign that the end is in sight, and hardly ever has a season expired in such trying conditions. Difficulties of hunting have been enormously increased by heavy snow and subsequent flooding. Everywhere the going is a quagmire, yet, on occasions, there has been some wonderful sport. The Southwold, for example, had quite their best day on March 10th. Finding in Horsington Wood, hounds extensively raided Blankney domains, as they crossed 15 miles of country, and made a point of 6 before their fox found sanctuary in the bank of the big Catchwater Drain, which sheltered two foxes hunted by the Blankney on the previous Monday.

(Continued on page ii)



CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH-MAXWELL AND MRS. C. W. TOMKINSON WITH THE BELVOIR

A snapshot the day these hounds met at Hose. Captain Smith-Maxwell's home country is Cheshire, but he is a great frequenter of Leicestershire



"THAT WAS A WELL-LIGHTED VILLAGE WE PASSED THROUGH?"

"YES, OLD BOY, AND DID YOU NOTICE THE FIRST HOUSE WAS ON FIRE?"



SAFETY

BE DOUBLY SURE — FIT DUNLOP



Yevonde, Berkeley Square

LADY CASTELLANI AND HER DAUGHTER, LADY LAMPSON

When the charming young wife of Sir Miles Lampson, High Commissioner for Egypt and the Soudani, was home on leave recently, she and her mother paid a joint visit to the camera studio. This agreeable photograph is the result. Lady Lampson, the former Miss Jacqueline Castellani, has been married since 1934. Her father, Sir Aldo Castellani, K.C.M.G., D.S.C., M.D., F.R.C.P., was Surgeon-General to the Italian forces in Abyssinia and also saw service with the Allied Armies during the Great War. Lady Castellani is Yorkshire by birth. Sir Miles Lampson, appointed a clerk in the F.O. in 1903, was successively Second Secretary at Tokyo, First Secretary at Peking, High Commissioner in Siberia, H.M. Chargé d'Affaires at Peking, and Member of the British Delegation to the Washington Conference on Disarmament. Sir Miles was appointed to his present office in 1933, after being British Ambassador to China for seven years.

A SANDOWN PARK WHO'S WHO: THE CAMERA

MR. SANDY CAMERON AND HIS FIANCÉE,
MISS PAMELA GRANT-STURGISMRS. DAVID FORBES ON TIPTOE
TO SEE BUCK WILLOW WINCAPTAIN GEORGE MALCOLM, YOUNGER OF
POLTALLOCH, AND HIS PRETTY WIFE

MAJOR AND MRS. GERALD TURNER



CAPTAIN AND MRS. DALY



MAJOR AND MRS. A. C. MARSHALL

After the Cheltenham "flop" many people were apprehensive lest a like fate should befall the Grand Military Meeting, but once again the Sandown Park course proved itself flood-proof, though perhaps never before had its capacity for absorbing moisture been so severely tested. The victory of the favourite, Buck Willow, in the big race was a popular one. Captain M. G. Roddick, who owns and rode him, comes from Hertfordshire and is in the 10th Hussars. A few of the enormous number of spectators are seen on these two pages. Among engaged couples present were Mr. Sandy Cameron and Miss Pamela Grant-Sturgis, only daughter of Sir Mark and Lady Rachel Grant-Sturgis; they are to be married at the end of this month. Mrs. David Forbes's husband, a twin younger son of Mr. Charles Forbes, of Callendar, is in the Coldstream Guards. Major Gerald Turner is a Gunner. He married Lt.-Colonel and Lady Victoria Villiers' eldest daughter four years ago. Major and Mrs. Anthony Marshall came from Kelso on purpose for the Grand Military Meeting, and had the satisfaction of seeing their Cocklaw Dene win the last event of the second day at the agreeable price of 10 to 1

ATTENDS THE GRAND MILITARY MEETING



LORD LOVAT AND MISS BURRELL
EXCHANGE THE LATEST NEWS



MRS. DAVID HENEAGE WITH
MRS. EDWARD MANN



MR. AND MRS. OSBORNE WERE ALSO UNDER
CAMERA FIRE WHEN TALKING TO A FRIEND



MR. PARKER-BOWLES AND THE
HON. DAPHNE PEARSON



THE HON. NEFERTARI BETHELL AND
THE MARCHIONESS OF CAMBRIDGE



MR. MERVYN VERNON AND HIS
WIFE, LADY VIOLET VERNON

The weather could not be said to be altogether agreeable on the big day of the Grand Military Meeting, for though the sun shone occasionally, it also rained heavily. However, in between showers, visibility was excellent and racing was highly interesting all day. Representatives of the Brigade to be found in the Members' Enclosure included Lord Lovat who is in the Scots Guards, and Mr. Mervyn Vernon, Grenadier Guards, who married Lord and Lady Cromer's younger daughter at the end of January. Lady Cambridge, observed by the camera while going to watch saddling operations with Lord Westbury's sister, had chosen one of the new colours, described as burnt yellow, for her tweed coat. The Hon. Daphne Pearson wore blue, under a short nutria coat. Other agreeable sights were Mrs. A. H. Osborne (the former Miss Primrose Salt), whose husband is in the Queen's Bays, Mrs. David Heneage, daughter-in-law of Colonel Geoffrey Walker-Heneage, of Coker Court, Yeovil, and Mrs. Edward Mann, who is Mrs. Peter Koch de Gooreynd's sister

ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

By
ALAN BOTT

*Howes,
Pearce,
Watson
and
Belmore*



BOBBY HOWES,
VERA PEARCE



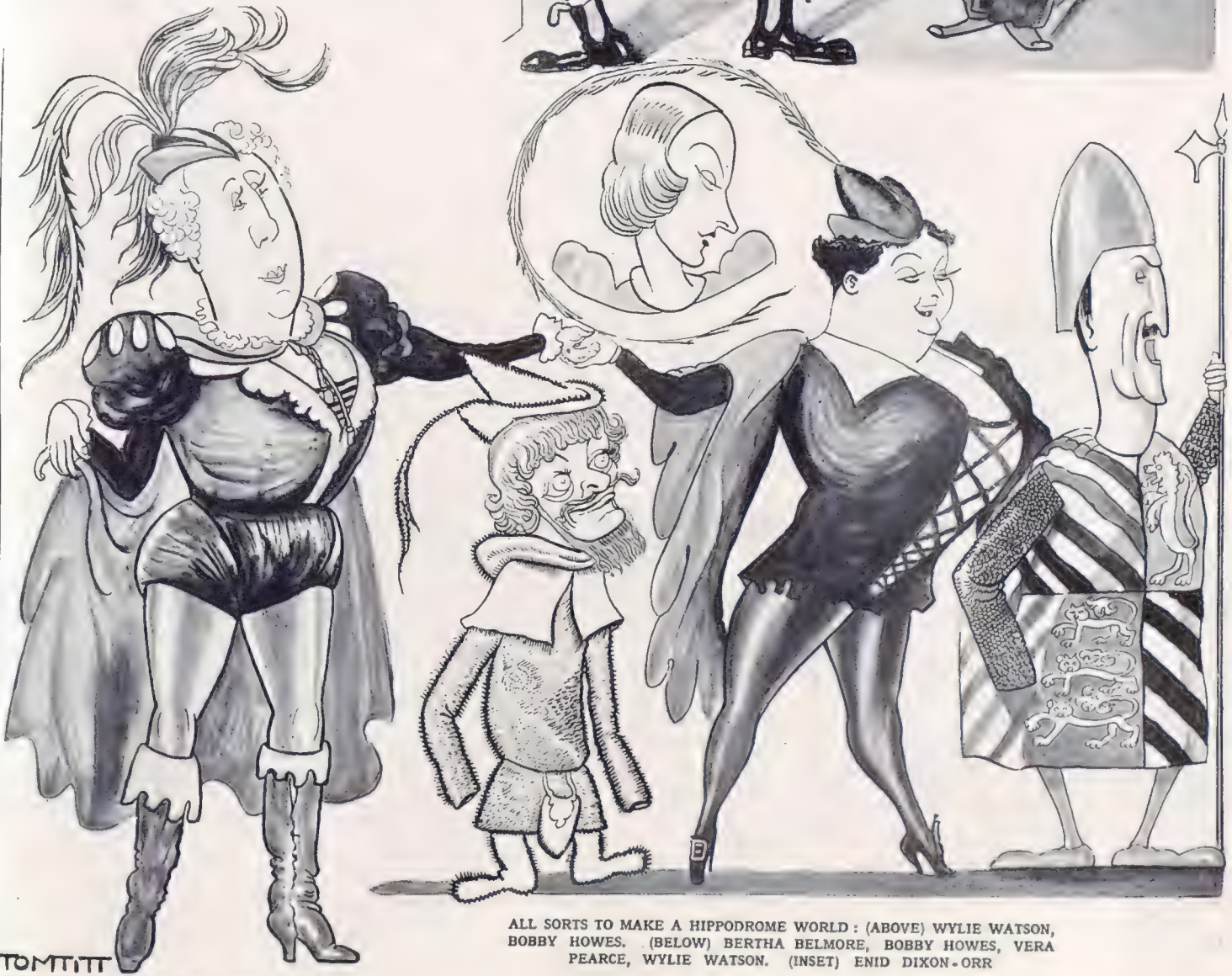
BERTHA BELMORE,
DAVID BURNS,
WYLIE WATSON

FUN in a beauty-parlour, dirty work in a picture gallery, oddity at a country pageant, part-songs and lunacy in an hotel, new tunes that crop up again and again, four freaks and half a hundred beauties. Bobby Howes, a bit more slapdash, a bit less winsome than usual, as the man who gets alternately bumped, mothered and bamboozled. Wylie Watson, not so well served with comic lines but making up for it in comic business, Yorkshire solemnity, awful inefficiency and all that goes with a bourgeois watch-chain bearing Leeds United medals. Vera Pearce, looking less like the statue of a giantess than the prow of an aircraft carrier, but with an awesome verve in dancing, in throwing her weight about, and in her steam-rolling over smaller mortals. (It is probable that no female personage on the London stage, not even Connie Ediss, has ever made such insistent play with physical vastness.) Bertha Belmore, swinging the pince-nez that are the symbol of her standing as a middle-aged goddess of decorum looking down upon the sons of men and finding them faintly desirable. And fun with beards, hand-cuffs, disguises, facial renovation, picking pockets, and much whatnot. Also, since David Burns is present with the jammed-on bowler-hat which he used in *Three Men on a Horse*, fun with gangster slang and Bowery accent.

Thus the show at the Hippodrome, *Big Business*, which title has no relation to anything that happens, unless it be Miss Pearce's bulk in relation to her ownership of the beauty business. It is like all the other Howes - Pearce - Watson - Belmore shows, in that the anything that does happen happens without reference to anything in the rôles. Mr. Howes, forced to undergo facial mud-treatment by Miss Pearce, looks in a mirror and finds himself all black from neck to bachelor's peak—and presto!—within a

minute they are doing a coon duo, and a good one at that. The high lights, I suppose, are Mr. Howes as Little John in a Robin Hood pageant, being quaint and awfully wistful amid falling snow; Mr. Howes gently propelling Miss Pearce round the stage in one number, and in another getting himself bounced off the lady's bosom, butted for yards in a *pas de deux*, and flung into the wings during a ferocious polka; Mr. Watson (who as Sexton Holmes, detective, achieves no more than to handcuff himself after the stolen picture has been found) disguising himself as a chair upon which Miss Pearce sits heavily, so that it first becomes a collapsible chair and then moves sideways, in order that she may sit on a chair that isn't there; Miss Belmore leading a hotcha song-and-dance, with pince-nez swirling and arms decorously wriggling; and especially, Howes, Pearce and Watson part-singing about mummies and sonny-boys as the only means of persuading a gangster to repent and disgorge (in this, the tears and melting of Mr. Burns are as moving as cod-liver oil—but I hope that the many cigars supplied for his incessant smoking and chewing are good ones. It is that kind of show.

I would have included among the high lights Mr. Howes's impersonation of a foreign expert on eurythmics called Professor Schmell, which has its hilarious minutes; but the funny talk about big schmells and little schmells short-circuit this into contact with the low lights. Since these latter include old jokes that still creak after they have been refurbished, a good deal of oo-ering by a sea-side mayor about the beauty-parlour chorus, and crude puns about mayoral corporations and so forth, there are dim moments to alternate with the bright. Enid Dixon-Orr warbles prettily.



ALL SORTS TO MAKE A HIPPODROME WORLD: (ABOVE) WYLIE WATSON, BOBBY HOWES. (BELOW) BERTHA BELMORE, BOBBY HOWES, VERA PEARCE, WYLIE WATSON. (INSET) ENID DIXON-ORR

Pictures in the Fire



Frank O'Brien

THE SPRING SALMON FISHING ON THE BLACKWATER

Both Captain W. A. Makins, who is on the left, and Lord Dalrymple were the Duke of Devonshire's guests at Careysville, when these pictures were taken, and both had been doing great execution. The two fish the ghillie is holding for Lord Dalrymple are 22 lb. and 14 lb., but his best was a 33-pounder, rated the best-looking fish taken out of the Blackwater for years. Captain Makins' fish seen in the picture is an 18-pounder. He is in the Welsh Guards, and is a son-in-law of Colonel Leatham, who commanded the regiment and Regimental District from 1928 to 1934

IT is announced that ice-hockey goalkeepers are going to line their gloves with beef-steak, to counteract the severity of the impact of the puck, or ball. One has heard of the efficacy of raw beef as a remedy for what "The Fancy" call a mouse on the ogle, but this is the first time, so far as I know, that it has been used as a shock-absorber. If it works, why should not people like Schmeling, Baer,

Neusel, "The Brown Bomber," and Ben Foord drape their faces with some nice juicy loin chops?

Anyone who was at the Albert Hall for the finals of the Boxing Championships of the London Federation of Boys' Clubs the other night, and saw the class of physique of the young gladiators, must have acquired a better idea of why it is that one of the Royal House has the interests of the National Association of Boys' Clubs close at heart. The lads, of course, were all members of these Boys' Clubs, in connection with which a dinner is being held at the Guildhall on May 4, just a week before the Coronation. If good, honest scrapping, with everyone a trier, is the quintessence, then we had it here. There were twenty finals, at all sorts of weights, from the gallant little five-stunners upwards to



Swaebe

AT THE BALLOON LEAGUE BALL

Mr. Winston Guest, America's crack polo back, and Lady Inchiquin at this recent ball at the Hyde Park Hotel. It was in aid of the Maternity and Child Welfare Centres

10 st. 7 lb. The class and quantity was well matched with quality. Whoever it is has taught these boys deserves a medal, for he (or they) has done it very well, and, what is much more, imbued them with the right spirit. Nothing happened which should not happen; there was no hugging, and never a blow to a spot that was doubtful. It was all clean and above-board, as all fighting should be, but, unhappily, is not.

This is one of the many ways in which the National

Association of Boys' Clubs is pointing the heads of the growing-up generation in the right direction, and doing it so extremely well. It is not the only way, however. Mr. Ian Fairbairn, ex-captain of Thames R.C., and, I think, ex-Eton Eight, who was in the same box as I happened to be, has started to teach the boys in Fairbairn House (Chelsea) how to row, and, so far as I could make out, the only trouble is not to find the enthusiasts, but to find enough boats into which to put them. They all seem as keen as mustard, as I am sure they would be after what we saw at their boxing show. Anything that teaches anyone to smile, which ever side of the medal turns up for him, is good, and that is exactly what these clubs are doing. So do not forget that dinner on May 4, and if you omit to put a fiver in your pocket, a cheque will do. It is a good show: a first-class factory for good citizens.



Victor Hey

THE NEW JOINT-MASTER OF THE STAINTONDALE AND HIS DAUGHTER

Major J. S. Elwis and Mr. J. Delmege take on this historic old Yorkshire pack next season, in succession to Mr. J. C. Oates. The Staintondale hold a charter from King John, who was once wrecked in Robin Hood's Bay



BRAINS AND BRAWN AT RUGGER

Mr. P. B. Hague and Mr. P. R. Noakes, who is skipper of the Varsity XV., are both on the Committee of the Cambridge Union and are a happy instance of how to combine brains and brawn. The picture was taken at the Inter-Varsity Unions' match

By "SABRETACHE"



JUST BACK FROM THE WEST INDIES

The Hon. Peter and Mrs. Aitken at the San Marco the night the new cabaret started operations. They have just come back from a winter holiday on what used to be called the Spanish Main, and he is the younger of Lord Beaverbrook's two sons. Mrs. Aitken is a Canadian, as, of course, is Lord Beaverbrook

Anyone who may have missed reading a quite remarkable article on rowing by Sir Max Pemberton, published in our friend, the *Evening News*, last week, will have been unlucky, and, if they are going to the Boat Race to-day, they would be wise to repair the omission if they want to take an intelligent interest in what happens. Sir Max Pemberton said that what to-day they allege is "Fairbairnism" in rowing is nothing of the sort, because "ugly rowing" was not of Mr. Steve Fairbairn's creation. He

broke away from tradition in some respects, and believed the poker-back was unnecessary, but his basic principles were magnificent and, I suggest, eternal. Unfortunately, it is not everyone who has understood them. Fairbairn believed in watermanship first, last, and all the time: he believed that if a man was not at ease he could not do his best. He recognised, in fact, that the foundation-stone of good hands was a firm and confident seat. The parallel with equitation and all the affairs of life, I suggest, is exact. It is no good saying, "J'y suis!" if you cannot add, "and I am at rest!" If a horse's saddle does not fit, he is going to get a sore back. If you insist upon wearing shoes that do not fit, you are going to collect corns and bunions. If you prefer breeches that only

fit where they touch, your knees are going to be cut to ribbons and you will have a painful time when you get into your bath. All this Fairbairn knew and taught. Sir Max Pemberton, who was up at Cambridge with the great rowing preceptor, puts it most admirably like this:

"He realised that the men of that time did not understand the correct use of the slide nor the paramount importance of the leg-drive in unison with a sound body-swing. No matter," he said, "if a man's back be bent as long as he keeps it bent. Boats are propelled by the swiftness of the blades through the water, always granted that those blades are correctly covered. The first necessity of good rowing is that the oarsman shall be comfortable. Let him go his own way to achieve that end."

If ever anyone ought to say: "Right-o, Ther-sites!", it would seem to be here and now.

Which is going to win, no one really knows, because, in spite of all the good opinions Oxford have collected, Cambridge always seem to pull out that little extra when it comes to racing. I should try to get a bet *each way* Oxford, if I were you.

(Continued on page xii)



FISHING ON THE BRORA: LORD AND LADY LONDONDERRY AND LADY MAIRI STEWART

Lord and Lady Londonderry and their daughter, Lady Mairi Stewart, are guests of Lord and Lady Chaplin at Uppat House, Brora, and the former Minister for Air is seen here fishing the tail of a run on the famous Sutherlandshire river



MORE WIT AND WEIGHT: MISS EDITH SHAWCROSS AND MR. N. MacGRATH

Miss Edith Shawcross is unique in being the only woman editress that "The Isis," Oxford's undergraduate journal, has ever had. Mr. N. MacGrath is a Rugger Blue and Irish International. He refereed the Unions' match



TOES AND THUMBS: LADY MARY WALKER WITH HER DAUGHTERS, IONE AND HELIA

Lady Mary Walker, eldest daughter of the Marquess of Bute, married Mr. Edward Walker, of the Diplomatic Service, in 1933. Her two little girls, whose toes are so screwed up in apprehension of the photographer, were born in Greece, and this is the reason for their attractive names

THEY CAME UNTO A LAND IN W



AT CONSTANT SPRINGS,
JAMAICA: CAPTAIN AND
MRS. C. P. D. LEGARD



MRS. CHARLES
HARDING TAKES
A NAP



MRS. G. B. POST,
JR., AND MR. C.
B. PALMER



AT MONTEGO BAY:
MISS MOLLY DUPREE



MR. EDWARD AND LADY EVELYN GIFFARD
AT THE MANOR HOUSE, KINGSTON



H.E. SIR EDWARD A.
COMMDR. J. RUSH
PEGGY



MR. DENNIS TOPHA
MRS. B

"My wife's gone to the West Indies." —
"Jamaica?" — "No, she went of her own
accord!" — It is an old "gag," but these
photographs show surroundings so lovely that
compulsion is obviously not necessary to induce
travellers to visit that Transatlantic Isle of
Rum. Captain C. P. D. Legard, of the 5th
D.G.s, is the well-known Olympic athlete,
champion swimmer and point-to-point rider.
He and his wife were on a fishing holiday
at Constant Springs. H.E. Sir Edward Denham
is Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief of
Jamaica; Miss Bovill is his wife's cousin, and
Commander Rushbrooke is one of his A.D.C.s.
Robertson of Struan is Chief of Clan Donnac-
haidh, but he has lived all his life in Jamaica;

WHICH IT SEEMED ALWAYS AFTERNOON"

—TENNYSON



MRS. J. HOLMES IN
SUNNY SUPINENESS



MR. F. H. ROBERTSON
AND
ROBERTSON OF STRUAN
AT KINGSTON, JAMAICA



LADY DENHAM,
COOKE AND MISS
VILL



MISS MARY COUCHMAN AND
MISS SYLVIA GARTHWAITE



MISS NANCY
ALLEN AND
COLONEL F.
PHILLIPS



AT A KING'S HOUSE LUNCH-PARTY:
MRS. DRURY

he recently retired from the Civil Service: Mr. Robertson is a kinsman of Struan. Mr. Edward Giffard married Lord Halsbury's only sister: they live at Chat's Edge, Westerham. Mr. Dennis Topham was in the Grenadiers; he was dancing with Mrs. Bigger at the Casa Blanca Hotel. Mrs. Drury was a lunch guest at King's House; her husband is a prominent citizen of Ottawa. Mrs. George B. Post is a daughter-in-law of the well-known New York banker, Mr. George B. Post; she is seen with Mr. C. B. Palmer, who is a keen fox-catcher on both sides of the Atlantic. Colonel F. Phillips was in the Buffs; Miss Allen comes from Hartford, Conn., and she and her parents are frequent visitors to Deauville and Antibes

DANCES WITH
ER



IN "LA TOUR DE NESLE": GENIA VAURY
AND CLEMENT

"La Tour de Nesle" is based on the work of Alexandre Dumas and Frédéric Gaillardet. It is a tale of wild orgies of passion and death. Genia Vaury plays the rôle of La Princesse Blanche, sister of Marguerite de Bourgogne, and M. Clement that of Hector de Chevreuse

TRÈS CHER,—I am in the muzzy and depressed state of mind that usually follows a prolonged physical effort. I therefore apologise in advance for the bad spelling (spelling, with me, is a question of mood rather than knowledge!), the split infinitives and the general incoherence that this letter may show. Perhaps you will think that *all* my letters reveal the same faults, but if you do please don't say so; let me keep a few illusions to comfort my old age! I am just back from a conscientious tour of the Salon des Indépendants, at which, this year, are some 3500 exhibits. What a pity the rooms are not designated by letters of the alphabet! A letter is but a sign and conveys but small sense of quantity. Numbers are far more dangerous. I wonder how many visitors undertake to finish the grand tour after having shivered through only half of the 39! "Shivered" because the Pavillon des Salons on the Esplanade des Invalides does not even boast of the inadequate stoves that were supposed to warm the Grand Palais, and of which the sight alone was comforting, if not really warming. This new building has already served for the Salon d'Automne, as the Grand Palais is apparently needed for the Exposition 1937; it is, in fact, the only part of the Exhibition that, with certainty, will be ready in time if the opening date is maintained.

At the Indépendants there is no jury, but just membership, entitling members to show two pictures. The only person who has a say in the matter of selection is the Prefect of Police, who usually discovers one scandalous exhibit per season—and has it removed or doctored, to the joy of the owner, who thus gets quite valuable publicity. Very few are left of the old gang of famous painters who founded the Indépendants as a protest against the Artistes Français, whose jury, composed of classic and chocolate-box painters, systematically refused to admit the new school. Of the pioneers only Marquet—whose canvases now fetch big prices—and Vlaminck are exhibiting; the rest are, with a very few outstandingly good artists, poor, bad, and indifferent.



TANIA FEDOR AND JEAN WEBER IN
"LA TOUR DE NESLE"

Tania Fedor, the Russian actress, plays Marguerite de Bourgogne, the French queen who was slain for her misdoings by her husband, Louis le Hutin, and Jean Weber is Philippe d'Aulnay in this story of lovely and wicked ladies who had their gallants assassinated and thrown into the Seine

only to be used, of course), which would reduce the National Debt in record time.

Here endeth my tour—or, rather, my notes. I got there late, for I had spent the earlier part of the afternoon listening to M. André Rivollet's delightful lecture at the Université des Annales, when he piloted his appreciative audience through a "*Voyage musical autour du monde*." Marie Dubas sang some of her new songs at this affair with such vigour that she suddenly shot right off the stage and fell into the stalls. However, she is young and plump enough to fall "soft," and was picked up, dusted, found to be without any harm, and the incident merely heightened her success.—PRISCILLA.

Here goes for the very good: "Sommeil," by Madeleine Luka (Room 28), is an enchanting study of a woman in blue holding a child in her arms; there is a white veil over both, and the treatment of the colours, seen by transparency, is very lovely. Two delightful Portuguese village scenes by Francis Smith (Room 34). Fresh, bright colours; the values are perfect, and this is difficult to achieve in vivid colours. There are the usual interesting, stormy landscapes by Vlaminck in Room 35, and, in Room 36, two seascapes by Marquet, who reduces everything to its simplest expression. In Room 26 two excellent pictures by the Scotch (with a splash of Perrier) artist, J. A. Watson: a "Port de St. Nazaire," in yellows and reds that had depth and vigour; this has been sold to Mr. Pericles. Also a "Sunlit Meadows," a delightful study of trees and meadows with the sun shining upon the scene through heavy clouds. (This made me so long for the wide, open spaces

that I made a marginal note in my catalogue to—have the car overhauled for Easter!) Mablood shows two girls fast asleep in a jungle with an unpleasant-looking monkey in the offing. What a jolt the poor dears will get when they wake and see him (the monkey, not Mablood)! There is the inevitable Spanish War scene by La Villion. Family gazing at bloke who has been washed up from the sea—very melly, if one can judge by his colour. Santini exhibits quite a good nude—at least, as nude as doesn't matter (or does), since the lady weareth a silver fox, a veil, and a pair of blue gloves.

I had no time to go to the Salon on Varnishing Day, and therefore I seem to have missed the life-sized "Saint Sebastian" that created such a sensation, the artist having clothed him not only with the usual arrows, but with a sailor's blouse and noddings else. He had gone when I was there two days later. Perhaps M. Langeron—our Préfet de Police—has had him sent to the Belle Jardinière to be measured for pants. There is quite a decent freak picture of the late King Albert of Belgium made out of 500,000 pieces of postage stamps! The Postmaster ought to found a school of postage stamp artists (unused stamps

LAND AT LAST

Straight off the boat. A rough crossing. Feeling her worst when the liner docks. Things still topsyturvy, waves in the street and all that sort of thing. Yet that evening there's a party she positively must attend. No getting out of it. Only a few hours before she must think of dressing for dinner, a few hours to regain her own special air of poised, relaxed beauty—What to do? While her maid unpacks, she hails a taxi and drives to Elizabeth Arden's Salon.



BEAUTY IN SIGHT

Firstly, a stimulating turn in the Exercise Room. Wonderful to feel youth and vitality return. Next an Ardena Bath to remove the lingering traces of fatigue and stiffness. Is her skin yellow and sluggish looking? What she needs evidently are special oil and circulation treatments to clarify the skin and bring it back to its normal freshness and vividness. To tighten the surface of the face and charm away that lined and jaded appearance, an Elizabeth Arden masque.



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Now she is ready to confront the universe again. Glorious vigour comes stealing back. She's looking forward to that party now! New hope! New outlook! New face! And, to accentuate her beauty, to underline the effect of her personal charm—one of those exquisite Elizabeth Arden make-ups, specially designed to harmonise with the colour of her new dress. A touch of the right Elizabeth Arden lipstick. She steps out—walking on air—the world at her feet.



Elizabeth Arden Ltd.



TWO STUDIES OF MARCELLE RØGEZ, WHO GOES INTO THE NEW PLAY "RIDE A COCK HORSE"

This new play by Robert York and George Bruhl is due at the Royalty Theatre on March 31st, with Laura Cowie in the lead and the clever young actress seen in these pictures in the part of Maria Brula. The play has a Yugoslavian setting and is produced by John Wyse. Marcelle Røgez has already done much good work on the films as well as on the "legitimate" stage, and she is at present working on a new film with Vic Oliver and his wife, the former Miss Diana Churchill. Other films due for early release in which she will be seen are "Fine Feathers," with Renée Houston, "Cotton Queen," "Big Fella," with Paul Robeson, and "Mr. Stringfellow Says 'No,'" with Neil Hamilton

A TOURIST in the East was being pestered by a guide who dogged his footsteps for hours. "Look here, my lad," said the tourist at last in exasperation, "if you follow me another inch I'll give you a punch on the nose. D'you understand that?"

"Yes, sair," replied the guide, "an' after you have gave me the ponch on the nose I show you round all day, an' I charge you only four shillings—yes?"

It was a terrible and wild night, and the wind howled round the old house as the timid guest was escorted to his room at the top of the house.

"Has anything unusual ever happened in this room?" he asked of the rather sinister-looking butler.

"Not for forty years," answered the butler.

The guest heaved a sigh of relief.

"What happened then?" he asked, in much brighter tones.

"A man who stayed here all night showed up in the morning," he said.



Photos.: Roye

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

A few more "howlers" from Cecil Hunt's "Further Howlers," recently published:

"The Houses of Parliament one of them is full of lords, called the House of Lords, but the other is only built for them gentlemen, as perhaps you have seen some of them, and it is called the House of Commons. The Commons are called Conservatives and Liberals, and they try and hinder each other as much as they can."

"Vitamins are animals, not domestic, such as rats. They are shot and the farmers often attack them. Rabbits are sometimes thought to be vitamins."

"In the Middle Ages there were several queens in England, but since the Reformation things have been better, and there have only been queens when the kings couldn't last their reign out."

"Mary, Queen of Scots was playing golf with her husband when news was brought to her of the birth of her son and heir."

A very raw recruit had just had a very good dressing-down from the young lieutenant. The next day he passed the officer without saluting. He was stopped.

"Why didn't you salute me?" demanded the lieutenant.

"W - well, sir," said the rookie, "I thought you were still cross with me."

He had reached his century, and was being interviewed by a newspaper reporter.

"And to what," asked the reporter, "do you attribute your remarkable health?"

"Well," replied the old man, "I reckon I got a good start on most people by bein' born before germs were discovered, thereby havin' less to worry about."

"Now, Johnny," said teacher, "can you tell me what a hypocrite is?"

"Yes, miss," replied Johnny. "It's a boy what comes to school with a smile on his face."

Mandy had been given leave to attend her sister's wedding, and on her return entertained her mistress with a full account of the proceedings. She gave a glowing description of the gowns, the wedding breakfast and all the guests. After a time, Mandy's employer interrupted with: "You haven't told me anything about the bridegroom, Mandy. What is he like?"

"Lawks, ma'am," cried Mandy, "dat darned ole nigger he never did turn up."

The husband came home one evening, and gave his wife an insurance policy.

"I've insured my life to-day for ten thousand pounds," he said, "so that if anything happens to me you will be provided for."

"How nice and thoughtful of you," beamed his wife, "and now you won't have to see a doctor every time you feel ill, will you?"

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THE EX-KAISER

A photographic interview
with the "Squire of Doorn"



HAUS DOORN IN SUMMER: THE EX-KAISER'S ATTRACTIVE HOME NEAR AMERONGEN



GERMANY'S FORMER EMPEROR FEEDING HIS DUCKS

It is nearly nineteen years since the once "All Highest" retired into private life, making his home at Doorn, near Amerongen in Holland. Though a certain amount of state ceremonial is still observed by the ex-Kaiser's entourage, he himself lives very simply. Here are a few sidelights on his activities as a country gentleman



READY TO READ ALOUD: THE EX-KAISER WITH PRINCESS HERMINE AND HIS STEPDAUGHTER



SPECIAL WINE-GLASSES FOR THE ROYAL MEALS

One day is much like another at Doorn. The ex-Kaiser's occupations are carefully planned, and nothing is allowed to interrupt their routine. After an early breakfast he attends to his correspondence, bestriding the saddle stool he brought from Berlin, which is said to encourage a flat back. His usual morning exercise is obtained with axe or saw, and punctually at noon every day, accompanied by his dachshunds, he feeds his ducks, on the bridge which crosses the moat round the house. Lunch is scheduled to last exactly fifteen minutes. Visitors are received in the afternoon, and in the evening the ex-Kaiser frequently reads aloud to his wife, Princess Hermine, and his stepchildren.



THE ROYAL WRITING-TABLE WITH A SADDLE AS STOOL



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few
minutes before
your first
solo
flight ? . . .



and how
you
instinctively
lit
a
cigarette ? . . .



and how
you
blessed that cigarette
for the way
it
helped you
to
pull yourself
together ?

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

A Rugby Letter : By "HARLEQUIN"

DEAR TATLER,

THE dreadful weather of the last few weeks which, among other postponements and scratchings, caused the Ireland v. Wales match to be transferred to April 3, may have been a blessing in disguise to Wales, because it gives three of their injured players time to recover. T. Stone, who has for so long been on the fringe of the Welsh side, may, after all, miss the cap which he would have secured had the Belfast match been played on the original date—a cap which he so richly deserves. It

of Gloucester, who could never pretend to rival Gamlin, but was just as much in front of everybody else. Goodness knows how many times he was reserve for England, and it was indeed very bad luck that no cap came his way. Much later than this, when W. J. A. Davies, the greatest match-winner of all time, was at the height of his power, there was H. J. Pemberton, of Coventry, who had no real rival but the Navy man, and yet no cap was awarded to him. Even then his bad luck was not at an end, for when Davies was crocked before a certain match with Wales, to the utter astonishment of many people, Pemberton was not chosen as substitute. On inquiry being made after the game as to the reason of this omission, we were frankly told that the Powers That Be had forgotten all about him!

Gloucestershire are to be very heartily congratulated on once more carrying off the County Championship. Certainly they had a great slice of luck in the semi-final, but they fully deserved their victory at Bristol. The result came as something of a surprise, for the East Midlands were expected in most quarters to win, chiefly on account of their strength forward. The Gloucestershire pack, however, had other views, and, thanks largely to A. D. Carpenter's hooking and a greater activity in the open, they made no mistake. Herein, perhaps, one can see the beginnings of a much-needed revival of forward play in the West, which would also mean a revival of England's strength.

A game which hardly attracts as much publicity as it deserves is the annual match between the Regular Army and the Territorial Army. This



BIRKENHEAD PARK VICTORS OVER ROSSLYN PARK

It was a braw, bright fight at the Old Deer Park when Birkenhead put Rosslyn Park down by 14 points to 8. It was hard rugger all the way and the best team won, which is quite as it should be. The names in the above group are:

Left to right, standing: S. Sansom, T. E. Owens, G. D. Wilson, C. Backley, H. P. Laird, K. D. Downes, N. W. Jones (touch judge). Seated: G. E. Hancock, A. G. Holden, T. C. Knowles, W. M. Shennan (captain), H. L. Green, J. F. Arthur, R. E. Bibbey. On ground: N. A. Steel and G. E. Hosking

is a more serious matter for him than it is for H. O. Edwards, as the latter has obviously a career before him, while Trevor Williams' substitute will surely have other chances.

It seems hard luck for a man to miss his ambition when he has so nearly achieved it, but there have been, of course, other instances. One would think that, having been selected, taken down to Wales, and actually photographed with the team just before the kick-off, all was well, but there was a case just after the war when an England three-quarter was taken out of the side having done all this, and an Army player, now a very efficient referee, substituted for him. That must indeed have been a shock to the victim, and it is pleasant to know that in the next match he regained his place and turned out against France at Twickenham. This may have been a sort of consolatory cap, and, if so, it was certainly well merited. In the old days a consolatory cap accounted for sundry strange selections, but I can only remember one in the last few seasons—and that, too, was not without reason.

There have been several references to Stone's possible bad luck, but he is by no means the only instance of a great player missing his cap. For example, in the days when H. T. Gamlin was unquestionably the greatest full back in England—a distinction, by the way, which he still holds—there was another back in the West Country, George Romans,



THE ROSSLYN PARK SIDE

Rosslyn Park stood up to it well in their match with Birkenhead Park (above, left), but the enemy carried too many guns for them and they were beaten 14 points to 8. The names in the group are:

Left to right, standing: R. B. Hunt (referee), H. A. Burlinson (hon. sec.), E. R. Coutts-Deacon, W. C. Roff, D. R. Arkell, H. Haddon-Cave, D. E. Martin, P. J. Rossington and J. E. S. Brian (team sec.). Seated: J. R. Tyler, L. H. Garrett, P. J. Halford, R. H. E. Gladstone (captain), D. K. Huxley, R. B. Skinner and A. C. Lusty. On ground: R. B. Comyn and J. B. Potter

was played the other day, and resulted in a narrow and perhaps fortunate win for the Army by 8 points to 6. This is the only occasion on which the Territorial Army appear in public, and if they had a little more practice together they might soon repeat the victory they gained a few years ago.

There are plenty of good players available in the Territorial Army, and with a little encouragement they might develop into a dangerous side. Indeed, should they be admitted to the Inter-Services Tournament, and it is easy to make out a claim for their inclusion—in a season or two they would be quite likely to win it. In this year's match the Territorial forwards certainly had the better of the deal, and the Army owed much to the defence of R. Leyland and F. J. Reynolds.

(Continued on page xviii)



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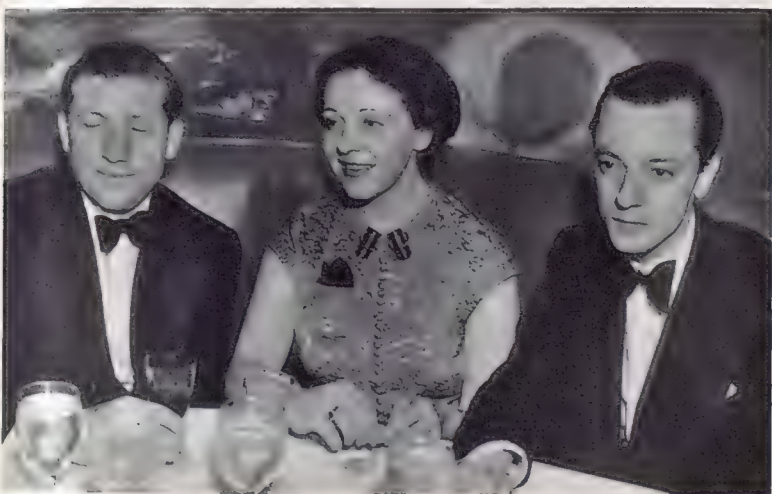
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MR. AND MRS. FRED PERRY WITH GROUCHO MARX (CENTRE)



MILES MANDER AND MARGOT GRAHAM



MRS. HOWARD DEITZ, MR. FOUTS AND ANITA LOOS

Photos: Hyman Fink

Lady Juliet Duff gave a party at the Hollywood Café Lamaze, to which came many popular favourites of the screen; she is a niece of the Earl of Lonsdale and is Sir Michael Duff-Assheton-Smith's mother. Paulette Goddard is Charlie Chaplin's leading lady, their marriage has been both announced and denied. Constance Collier, one of our most famous actresses made her first appearance on the stage at the age of three. Since then she has played every conceivable kind of part and all of them well; she has also figured as a dramatist and producer, and since 1915 has been prominent as a film actress. Mrs. Fred Perry is, of course, Helen Vinson in her professional existence. Miles Mander adds ability as a producer to his talent as an actor. Miss Anita Loos is the brilliant humourist of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"



FLYING FOLK AT HESTON

Going out to their 'plane are Captain A. V. C. Douglas and Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Corbett. There being some glimmering of less abominable weather, the flier is once more preening his wings. Captain Douglas, who is a Scots Guard, is the Adjutant of the Eton O.T.C.

Mayburying.

BURYING the Maybury Report is now one of the chief pastimes of civil aviation, and it richly deserves interment. I said at the time it first appeared—after an inordinate period of labour—that the uncritical way it was received was astonishing. Aerodrome-owners emitted a pæan of praise which threatens now to return to them in the shape of a packet of trouble. Aircraft operators have begun to notice the Report's shortcomings and to comment upon them. Lord Grimthorpe has brought forward the most stinging indictment. Writing as a pilot and an aircraft operator, he has drawn attention to the way the Report evades one of the major hindrances to the full development of the independent internal air lines: the exclusion of these lines from the full benefits which are derived from the recognised booking agencies. This has been, for long, one of the sore points of independent internal air-line operators, and it is extraordinary that the Report, in all its talk about harmful competition, passes it by. Then there is that vague, inadequately worked-out junction airport scheme. Lord Grimthorpe points out that this would ignore England and Scotland east of the Pennines, and would necessitate feeding Edinburgh and Glasgow later with one airport.

Altogether the best thing that can happen to this Report is that it should be stowed away with the thousands of other Reports whose primary object has been to create a fuss and present the illusion that "something is being done."

City Airports.

Mr. Reginald Brie, who has more experience of autogiro flying than anybody else, also makes a constructive criticism of the Report on the grounds that, although the Central London airport is impracticable for fixed-wing aeroplanes, use might be made of a series of floating platforms on the Thames as landing-grounds for autogiros. Obviously Mr. Brie's is special pleading; but it does remind us that there is no need to think of an airport solely in

AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART

terms of a vast expanse of open ground with grass growing on it. "Whether the floating platform idea is likely to prove practicable under normal operating conditions," writes Mr. Brie, "cannot be ascertained until a machine is marketed which can take off without any forward run, but a considerable amount of research could be done with even a little single-seater as an experiment by carrying out daily flights over a period of, say, six months, and the total cost, even if the idea were a flop, would be negligible. On the other hand, if the experiment proved to be a success, then I should say that the first person to operate a fleet of four-seater taxis, with a frequent service to any of the terminal aerodromes around London, would be on a very good wicket."

Mr. Brie's original article appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*, but I am quoting above from a letter he wrote me in response to my request that he should give me some further details of his scheme.

Imperial Airways.

I was pleased to see that Imperial Airways adopted my suggestion that they should make known the extent of the service given by the fleet of eight Handley-Page air liners. I wrote to the company asking for the number of hours flown by these machines, and the next thing I knew was that the company's news bulletin issued the figures. They show that these eight machines have established a world's record for continuous service and have proved that air-liners of the right type can be among the most hard-working of transport vehicles. More than 200,000 passengers have been carried on the



ALSO AT HESTON

A tea-time picture of Mr. Filson Young, Jr., son of a flying father who is also a pillar of the B.B.C.; Mr. Gordon Selfridge, Jr., Father Maurice Child, Vicar of St. Dunstan's, Cranford; Mr. Filson Young and Mr. Stanley Allen. They had all spent their Saturday afternoon joy-flying

Continental air services by the Handley Page machines and the Heracles, at the time of the statement, had flown a total distance of more than 900,000 miles. The Horatius had flown more than 840,000 miles. On the Empire routes the Hengist had flown more than 800,000 miles; the Helena 686,000; the Hadrian 684,600; the Hannibal 652,600; the Horsa 639,000, and the Hanno 612,300.

(Contd. on page 556)



CAPTAIN G. W. FERGUSON
AND LORD LLOYD

Two more celebrities who were at Heston on the same day as when the other pictures were taken. Lord Lloyd believes in the air in more ways than one, because he is an advocate of our being able to take care of ourselves in all three elements, should anyone feel inclined to round on us

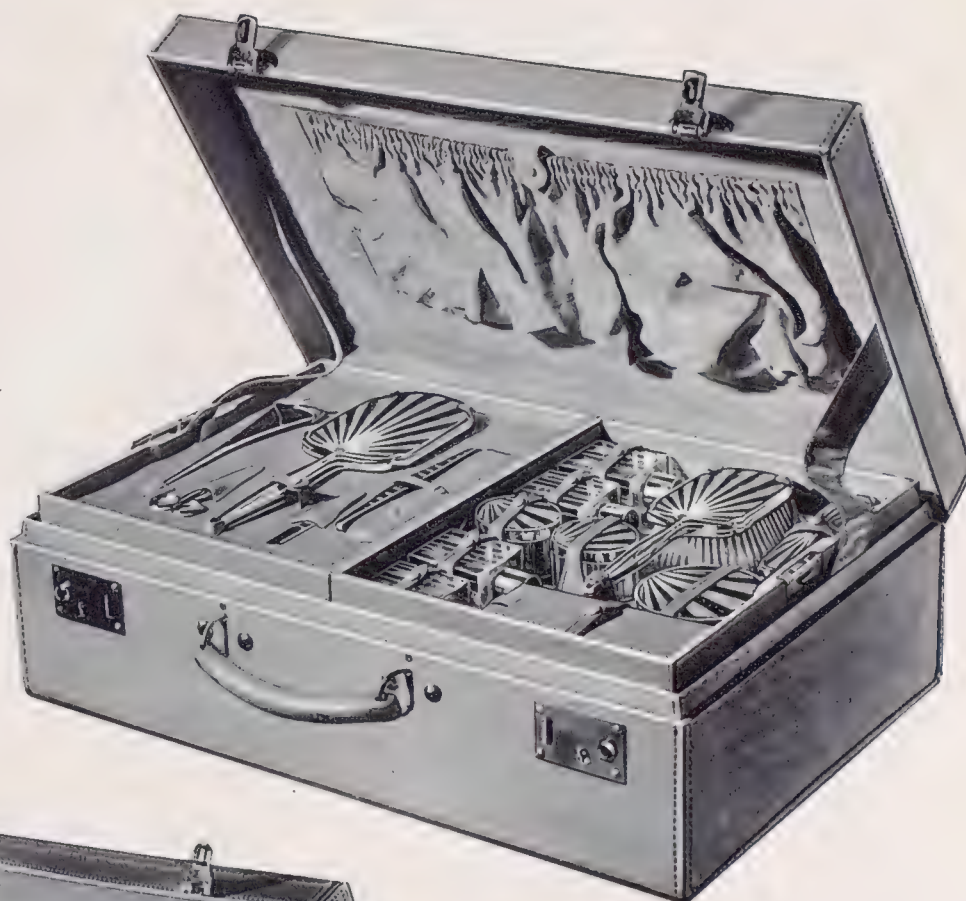
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HARRODS



HERBORD
STUART

The youth stood unabashed between the armed men as the Queen said haughtily: "How is it that you do not know how to behave before the Queen?"

QUEEN SHIRIN'S BOON

By A. M. HARBORD

FAR away in the heart of Persia a rugged road winds its way painfully through rocky ranges and arduously cultivated valleys. Here and there in the barren wilderness of the hillsides a humble building and maybe one or two scrawny poplars mark a small patch, pitifully small, of fertile soil. And always to such cultivation there leads a sinuous line along the hills, a water-channel dug for miles along the contours of the mountains until it meets the river so far upstream that a level is established and a trickle of life-giving water winds along the channel to the distant farm.

I marched up that road twenty years ago with a section of eighteen-pounders at my heels. My teams strained up the hill that leads to Kasr-i-Shirin, and at length they cleared the crest on to the high level beyond. I signalled for a halt; the rattle of gun-shields and the jar of iron tyres over stones died down; from far below came the quavering, toneless song of a boy driving goats. Down in the wide valley ran the Helawan, a welcome streak of silver in the bare immensity. Behind me stood massive walls of dressed stone, each wall as thick as a cottage in itself: these were the remains of the mighty palace in which the great Khosru had immured his beautiful—but somewhat flighty—Queen Shirin. There were the walls of banqueting-hall and bedchamber; there was the huge enclosure in which, it is said, Khosru kept his lions and tigers. Fallen masses of stone lay round about; at my feet, embedded in the soil, ran a water-channel of careful masonry; its ruined line ran off, far as the eye could see, towards the upper reaches of the river.

It was a month or two later that I sat in a bazaar café of the city of Kazvin, and with me was a friend who spoke the language. At our feet sat the professional story-teller of the café, and from him, through the interpretation of my friend, I heard a tale of the ancient ruins beside which my gun-teams had halted to rest.

It was Khosru of the Good Name, Anushirvan, "the Blessed," who built the fortress-palace of Kasr-i-Shirin for his own greater glory and for his peace of mind. The latter consideration arose from the possession of a queen, by name

Shirin, beside whose beauty the rose paled in despair and the lily blushed for sheer mortification. Beautiful she was beyond words, but she knew it. Young she was, and Khosru was growing old. Moreover, Khosru was the greatest of all the Sassanids and a mighty conqueror whose presence was constantly needed with his armies—where women were out of place. The lovely Queen Shirin, young, vivacious and wilful, must be left for long periods to her own devices. Therefore the mighty castle was equally well designed to keep flighty queens within as enemies without.

It was on one of these long absences of Khosru—he was fighting the Romans in Lazistan (which was Colchis, on the Black Sea)—that the Queen was walking one day among the roses that were cunningly planted on flat tops of the huge walls. Below her in the courtyard, the gates were opened to admit a small flock of goats and sheep brought in for the rationing of the castle. This was a frequent occurrence of routine, and Shirin, bored, ran no more than a cursory glance over the animals to see what condition of meat the ragged old shepherd had brought in this time. But through the gate at the tail of the flock came, not the bent and wrinkled old man that she had seen so often, but another—altogether another!

The herd to-day was a tall and stalwart youth. As he cleared the gateway he looked up in curiosity toward the walls surrounding the courtyard above which the Queen walked. He saw her standing there with her maids and threw up a hand in cheerful, impudent salute, white teeth flashing in a cheerful grin. He was straight as a tree; beneath the olive skin of his bare arms muscles flickered and rippled as he moved. The Queen's attendant ladies gasped with surprise at the familiarity of the youth: he should have been prostrate upon his face at sight of the Queen, but now—oh, horror!—he waved again and called up to them. "There are, then," he cried, "nightingales among the roses! Sing to me, sweet birds!"

The ladies-in-waiting nearly choked; from the gateway came the commander of the guard with two spearmen, apoplectic with rage and fear that such an outrage should have occurred during his tour of duty. In another few seconds the herd would have vanished into the guard chamber, from which his exit alive, or at best with a whole

(Continued on page 552)



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QUEEN SHIRIN'S BOON—(Continued from page 550)

skin, would have been problematical. But "Hold!" cried the Queen, and then: "Who and what is this youth?"

A swift colloquy followed, and the soldier, bowing to the ground, replied: "It is Rustum, O Mistress of the World, son of the old shepherd."

"Bring him here!"

The centurion hesitated: he knew well the orders respecting the prohibition of all men from approach to the Queen. "Bring him here!" cried the Queen again, with a stamp of the foot.

The centurion compromised. He brought his captive to the wall-top, but he instructed his men in a whisper as he went that if the Queen should insist on speech with the young ruffian alone they should mount guard as sentries on that stretch of the walls.

The youth stood unabashed between the armed men as the Queen said haughtily: "How is it that you do not know how to behave before the Queen?"

"I?" Rustum grinned cheerfully. "It is precious little that I know of queens."

"You know nothing of queens!" Shirin spoke petulantly. "Where, then, have you lived?"

"By the sun!" cried the lad carelessly, and the old centurion flinched at the blasphemy, "that no one knows, and least of all I. Last night I lodged with my father in the valley below there, in the little house where the pomegranates grow by the river. Before that——!" he swept his hand in a wide gesture to the east and west.

"How, then?" asked the Queen.

"Why—with the camels! My father's cousin is a zilladar and an owner of two caravans. I have travelled with them from here to the snows that fence the land of Hind and far beyond to the land where lived Kung Tse the saint and sage."

"Leave me!" the Queen said to the guards, and then: "Do you know the land of Lazistan?"

"Well, for I have just returned from there."

"Did you meet with the army of my Lord Khosru?"

"Yes, and the King was with them."

"Was that far away?" The Queen was interested now.

"A month's travel from here we met him."

"Was he returning home or going still outward?" The question came eagerly; Shirin was leaning forward in her anxiety for the answer.

"He was going still onward: they say he will march for very many days yet."

Brightness sprang into the Queen's eyes and a smile played on her lips. The young man, his gaze fixed on the beauty of her, caught the smile and his own answered it, challengingly.

She stood a moment, looking at him. He was of her own age, bold, a man, a wanderer.

She smiled again. "You know little of queens, with your rough manners," she said, "but did you meet no women in Lazistan?" And there was that in her glance that should not have been seen.

"Aye!" he said, and his eyes leapt.

But nothing could pass unwatched in Kasri-Shirin—not even a glance. Above them on the keep a sentry grounded his spear with a crash and the Queen started. She raised her voice to a commanding pitch.

"Go, now! But when you come again I will have more speech with you. It is well that I should learn more of our provinces where you have travelled. And see that you learn the proper manners to use before the Queen!"

Not that this dismissal succeeded in deceiving the sentry any more than it impressed Rustum, for whom the expression of her eyes was sufficient to belie its severity.

Shirin sighed as she watched him go. She followed him with her

eyes as he went swinging down the path to the valley far below, and her gaze rested on the narrow strip of green shade by the river where, beneath the poplars and the pomegranates, was a little home of freedom, where the river sang of nights and where the kindly moon left patches of black shade, little secret shaded nooks among the coolness of the vines. She looked at the high walls beneath her feet; she looked at the great gates, studded and barred with iron, closed with great bronze locks, and she sighed.

Many times thereafter the young man came with the fat-tailed sheep, and each time he held conversation on the high wall with Shirin. The sentries stood watch on the walls, charged, on pain of death, that never for a moment might the Queen be with the youth alone and unobserved. Rustum's father was bewildered that his son went no more with the camels, but stayed at home, content to mend the water channels and loaf about the village, no wage nor bribe tempting him away.

The Queen wilted. Every day her eyes were fixed on that haven of her desires, the little house by the river and the greenness of the trees, so near and yet so far. She grew pale and listless, her women were the victims of her irritable temper.

At last, and at long last, the King came home, Khosru the Blessed in all his glory. He was in fine fettle and flown with satisfaction. Peace was made with Rome—it was true that he had promised to leave Lazistan alone, but that was a poor province in any case.

(Continued on page xiv)



LORD ASHLEY AND Mlle. FRANÇOISE SOULIER

Lord Ashley and Mlle. Soulier, whose engagement was announced in January, are to be married shortly. The above snapshot was taken when they were at Madresfield Court for the Cheltenham Meeting, which was so badly scattered by the snow



AT SAN MARCO—IN LONDON

Miss Enid Stamp-Taylor is one of the clever young actresses in this picture with Mr. Leo Brett, and the other is Miss Jane Welsh, who plays the part of the sensible young woman in the Oxford Group Movement play, "Great Possessions," at the Duke of York's Theatre



★ Soldering the setting. Note the semi-circular opening in the table. A leather apron-bag hangs from it to catch any stray filings of precious metals

The mysterious setting

for solid masses of colour was broken up into minute elements which distracted the eye and practically destroyed the planned effect. On the other hand, the 'Mysterious Setting' has given a new elan to jewel creators because of its unlimited possibilities. Recently in our ateliers we created a flower which comprised some seven hundred and seventy rubies, soldered together, so to speak, on a surface of $8\frac{1}{2}$ square inches—an enormous surface for a jewel. Had we been obliged to use the old-fashioned setting for this creation, the effect would not have been half as striking and lovely.

HAVE you seen these beautiful jewels from Paris which present a solid mass of colour? A brooch of rubies, for example, with no unsightly prongs or metal separations to mar the design or break the flow of colour? Then you have seen the "Mysterious Setting"—another creation of Van Cleef & Arpels.

Mr. Van Cleef, the originator of the "Mysterious Setting," recently gave an interview to the French press in which he told the story of his important invention.

"In former days," said Mr. Van Cleef, "the only way to set a stone was to enclose it in a rim of metal or to use prongs. In either case the metal—gold or platinum—was clearly visible and covered a part of the stone's surface. To-day, we have succeeded in completely eliminating the visible metal part without endangering the security of the stone. On the contrary, the new setting is even more secure than the former, for prongs had a tendency to loosen and sometimes broke. The particularity of the new technique is to attach the stones together at the base—which is invisible to the eye—and it is no wonder that the progress it represents has caused a small revolution in the jewellery world.

"The idea of this new setting occurred to me one day when I wondered why there had been no change in the setting of precious stones since the times of the Assyrians. Every other branch of the jeweller's art had been perfected and, in some cases, completely changed—the craft of setting, however, had undergone no evolution whatsoever. I saw no reason why this archaic fashion should continue, and began to imagine new ways of setting precious stones by giving thought to the disadvantages of the ancient settings.

"Firstly, the old-fashioned setting covered a part of the jewel's surface and diminished its effect and beauty. It is true that in the case of a solitaire ring, the prongs did not encroach very much on the stone's surface, but the moment a mass setting of stones was desired, a third of the total surface had to be sacrificed to the metal rims or partitions.

"Furthermore, these metal separations invariably spoiled the harmonious effect of the jewel. Design which called

"Moreover, the prongs of the old settings often catch on gowns or upholstery and are thus a constant source of vexation.

"Of course," continued Mr. Van Cleef, "from a purely technical viewpoint, the 'Mysterious Setting' is extremely difficult to handle because the stones have to be so much more carefully chosen. Since the precious stones are displayed in all their 'nudity,' the slightest imperfection is immediately visible.

"The execution of these jewels requires an unheard-of precision in our art. A thousandth of an inch sometimes means all the difference between the success and failure of a jewel. We have to employ men of rare skill, whose sight is exceptionally strong, and, moreover, we have to train them to this work, for in modern times there is no industry or handicraft which requires such special aptitudes.

"Every jewel which is created with a 'Mysterious Setting' requires very lengthy and painstaking work. In my opinion," stated Mr. Van Cleef, "I do not think this process can ever be utilised for mass production, because there is no possibility of speeding up the work. The 'Mysterious Setting' demands hand labour. The jewels we create are almost always made to order and will remain rarities . . . jewels that in years to come will be sought after because of their very rarity.

"Naturally, this process of mine is secret. It is protected by patents in France, England, Germany and the United States.

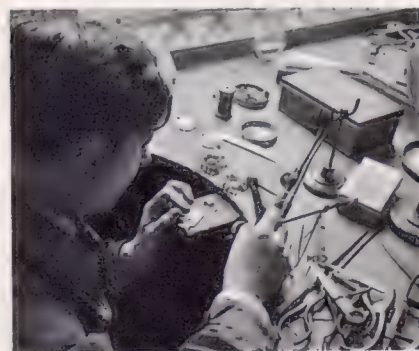
"Look at these jewels," said Mr. Van Cleef, concluding his interview. There was an emerald ring, a band of deep green encircling the finger with liquid light, a cigarette case whose cover was a solid ruby sheet of gorgeous hue, a blue sapphire bracelet as limpid as a waterfall . . . jewels not only superbly executed but possessing a poetry all their own.



★ The old craftsman and his young apprentice. A corner of Van Cleef & Arpels' ateliers. The work of the "Mysterious Setting" is entirely done by hand



★ The "Mysterious Setting" requires patient hands. The precious stones are set, one by one



★ Drilling tiny holes with an antique hand drill. French workmen, skilled in the ancient craft of jewellers, do not readily relinquish their century-old tools

VAN CLEEF & ARPELS, JEWELLERS, 22, PLACE VENDÔME, PARIS.



IN MEMORY OF CAPTAIN L. E. G. OATES:
SURVIVORS OF SCOTT'S EXPEDITION AT A
SERVICE

The 5th (Inniskilling) Dragoon Guards commemorated at a church parade the memory of Capt. Laurence Oates of that regiment, the pathetic gallantry of whose death was well described by his great leader as "the act of a brave man and an English gentleman." Above are survivors of Scott's 1910-13 Expedition who were present at the service. They are: W. Lashly, W. Archer, E. McKenzie, R. Forde, J. H. Mather and H. Dickason

Rally Balloons.

FORTY-TWO awards and six hundred and thirty-nine souvenir awards and plaques were offered to those who took part in the R.A.C. Rally and coachwork competition, if my arithmetic is correct. But I admit that I am fallible when dealing with such large numbers. The principle upon which the trophies, awards and plaques are distributed seems to resemble that at a child's party, when the organisers take great pains to ensure that none of the little guests goes home without a present of some kind, even if it is only a balloon. Consequently, when we seek to assess the value of the performances of the cars, we must be guided by facts and figures, rather than by the official awards, and on these grounds I want to direct especial attention to the results obtained by the S.S. cars. In Group 5, for open cars of over 15 h.p., were several 20-h.p. S.S. cars. One was entered by J. Harrop, one by T. H. Wisdom, and one by Brian Lewis. In the tests following the road section, they did so well that their achievement must be regarded as quite exceptional. Harrop's times were astonishingly good in view of the kind of opposition with which he had to contend. This Rally must be accepted as a genuine triumph for S.S. cars.

But I find it is extremely important, whenever one mentions the Rally, to emphasise that it is not a competition in the true sense of the word, but is rather a rousing round-up, designed to dissipate some of the surplus energy which all true lovers of the road accumulate during the winter. In that respect, the Rally was a success, and it was, indeed, aided by the snow and ice and sea. Drivers felt that they had done something to get through the road section without losing marks when iced windscreens were being worn. And the sea breakers at Hastings salted the penultimate proceedings and improved their savour.

The Daimler "15."

The development of the Daimler cars has been fairly closely followed in these pages, and the company has permitted me to try and report upon the new models as



AT THE PROVINCIAL STOCKBROKERS' DINNER: MR. R. B. PEARSON AND ALDERMAN M. THOMPSON, J.P.

Provincial stockbrokers recently held a dinner at the Victoria Hotel when many matters affecting their profession came under discussion. Mr. R. B. Pearson is Chairman of the London Stock Exchange and Alderman Thompson, is Deputy Chairman of the Provincial Brokers' Stock Exchange, Carlisle

a chance to look at the new concrete Campbell Circuit, which is a road within the meaning of the Act, and which looks like providing good sport this season. And we shall soon know if Percy Bradley's prophecy is correct. He has stated that he believes the circuit will be the fastest in England, and that it will be lapped at over 90 m.p.h. And by the way, there has been a little misunderstanding about the corners.

PETROL VAPOUR

By JOHN OLIVER

they appear. Last week I took out the Daimler "15" in its latest form, and I was able to test that "liveliness" about which we have heard a good deal recently. The claim that the car is lively seems to me to be justified. It has the smooth-running qualities always associated with this make, and to which the fluid-flywheel transmission generously ministers; but it also has a good, swinging stride on the open road. Looking back at my notes of the earlier Daimler "15," I find that, since then, the bore of the engine has been increased, so that the capacity has gone up by 163 c.c. to the present figure of 2166 c.c. The weight has also gone up a little, though I am relying here on a rather hurriedly obtained figure.

The Treasury rating is 16.2, and the tax £12 15s. The engine is on the well-known Daimler lines, with the cylinders and upper half of the crankcase in one block, but with detachable cylinder head. The crankshaft is carried in four bearings, and is fitted with a vibration damper. The carburetter has automatic thermostatic and vacuum mixture control, and ignition is by coil with automatic advance. There is also a hand control for adjusting the ignition to the anti-knock rating of the fuel. Prices range from £465 for the saloon, to £555 for the Wingham four-door cabriolet.

Racing.

On Easter Monday, Brooklands has its first Club meeting and everybody will get



AN "OASIS" AWARD WINNER, MISS LILY DILLON, WITH MR. BRADBROOKE

Miss Lily Dillon was the winner of the Ladies' First Prize at the recent Egyptian Air Rally. She is seen on arrival at Heston with her passenger, Mr. Bradbrooke

(Continued on page 556)

This England . . .

*Winkworth, Surrey*

"... the Daffodil, that comes before the swallow dares, and braves the winds of March with beauty." Ahead lies open weather and the lovely garden that is this England is astir with nascent colour. Bird music swells in copse and brake, and the first wind-borne perfumes fill the heart with memories of childhood. Long days in the open there will be, and wet feet, and the rich languor of physical fatigue . . . to be rounded off with draughts of clear golden Worthington, making all safe within the body to greet in happiness another day.



Air Eddies—continued from p. 548**Fashions for Fires.**

The fire that sometimes breaks out when an aircraft crashes is one of the most difficult things to deal with, owing to its intense heat. Time after time people could have been saved from aircraft crashes if the rescuers had not been driven back by the heat, which sometimes makes it impossible to approach at all close to the fuselage. Consequently the decision of the Air Ministry to equip the fire tender at every Service station with two complete asbestos suits deserves commendation, and it is to be hoped that this example will be followed by other aerodrome authorities throughout the country.

An asbestos suit is a grim-looking thing, which incorporates a helmet and completely covers the body. Wearing it, a man may work in a fire for two or three minutes with safety. That is often ample time to release somebody who has been trapped. Two hundred of the suits have been ordered by the Air Ministry.

The King's Cup Race.

The mixture is not quite as before in the King's Cup Air Race; but it is still a handicap event, and it is still infected with artificialism. Frankly, however, I cannot see how anything much could be done with the race this year. You cannot have air racing and armaments racing at the same time, so air racing has to go. The dates of the race are September 10 and 11, and the starting and finishing aerodrome is Hatfield. The final, instead of being a roundabout race round pylons, will be across country, and the start of it will be from Dublin on the Saturday.

Viscount Wakefield, as he has always done, has supported the race with great generosity. The winner gets the cup and £1,000 given by Lord Wakefield. The second and third get £350 and £150, and there are two special prizes of £250 each, all presented by Lord Wakefield. If it had not been for the way he has financed the race in the past I greatly doubt if it would still be possible to run it at all.

Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 554

A correspondent writes to me, saying, don't I think it a pity that the corners are "banked," because the banking makes them unlike corners on the open road. He is under a misconception which has spread as a result of early newspaper reports about the circuit. The corners are

not banked in the way the main track is banked; they are only "super-elevated" in the way the corners on modern highways are treated. Superelevation is a form of mild banking; but, inasmuch as a road circuit should be like a public highway, it is permissible on the new course.

Meanwhile Donington is preparing for a big season. During the winter, F. G. Craner tells me, many improvements have been made. New grandstands and refreshment rooms have been built and surface roads have been laid round the outside rails of the course so that spectators can approach with their motor cars. There are also new parking arrangements and a new entrance leading from the Ashby-Nottingham main road. On the course itself sloping kerbs have been built through Holly Wood, and round Macleans Corner and Coppice Corner. At Coppice Wood an earth bank has been raised on the inside as a precaution against the drivers going down the deep culvert.

Re-formed Petrol.

With the wider use of high-compression engines, motorists have become octane-conscious. They have discovered that with some fuels their engines will pink more readily than with others. I get many inquiries about the anti-knock qualities of fuels. Actually, the British companies do not generally publish the octane ratings of their fuels and for many people the finding of a suitable fuel remains a matter of trial and error. For there are fairly wide variations in the ratings of a number of fuels selling at the same price. Leaded fuels are obviously high in octane rating and now there comes another way of getting a good rating, by a process known as re-forming. Our old friend "cracking" comes into the re-forming of a petrol and the outcome is a greatly improved anti-knock rating. The Shell people, who are now marketing re-formed petrol, explain the process as a rearrangement of the molecular structure of the petrol and this is the explanation they have illustrated in their amusing advertisements.

I shall be giving no secrets away when I say that among the fuels ordinarily obtainable in this country at pumps, an octane rating of about 70 is obtainable and that the commercial grades are round about 60. Some fuels have octane ratings a good deal in excess of 70. Without mentioning any more figures, I think I am still safely within my brief when I say that the re-formed Shell shows an improvement of several octane numbers over previous fuels. It is consequently an admirable fuel for high-compression engines. It will enable the engine to pull away from low speeds without a trace of pinking and will give generally improved running qualities.

**Characteristic Clothes**

FOR those who have time for observation during this coming Season, a glance at the sartorial pageant of the London streets may prove interesting. It is simple to tell the nationality of a man by the clothes he wears.

Germans lack sartorial imagination; their coats are flat and wooden, much too short; most of them wear green. As one might expect, their clothes are rigid and uniform in character. As opposed to the French, who are more flexible in their tailoring. They no longer wear wasp waists and bell-top trousers, but their taste in materials is still ornate and "Continental."

South Americans wear clothes that are well tailored. Sleek and snake-like, their clothes ooze sex. Or they hope they do. They live for clothes, but, judging by our standards, their lives are mis-spent.

Decidedly more masculine are South

Africans and Australians. Their clothes approximate, in the main, to the ready-made clothes sold in our provincial cities.

American clothes are usually sewn by Italian labour, and beautifully sewn at that. If they knew more about style and cutting, their clothes would come into our class.

Only the well-dressed Austrian can compete successfully with the Londoner. And as so few Austrians can afford to visit this capital, they really do not count as competitors.

London, despite the scarcity of good coat-hands, still remains supreme. The styles for this season are interesting and will be copied in one form or another throughout the world. Pope & Bradley have had a considerable influence on the evolution of these styles.

POPE & BRADLEY

14, OLD BOND ST., W.1

11, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W.C.1.

ROYAL EXCHANGE, MANCHESTER
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ALLPORTS: COLMORE ROW, BIRMINGHAM

A promise well kept!

**Patent Castrol fulfils on the road
the pledge made on the tin!**



**It has something there
you can't get elsewhere**

In March 1935, after undergoing exhaustive practical tests by independent authorities and motor manufacturers, Patent Castrol became available to the public. By means of a chromium compound in microscopic soluble form $\text{Cr}(\text{C}_{17}\text{H}_{33}\text{COO})_3$ the cylinder walls were protected from chemical corrosion caused by the products of combustion, while a tin-derived inhibitor $\text{Sn}(\text{C}_{17}\text{H}_{33}\text{COO})_2$ protected the oil itself against oxidation. Patent Castrol promised to reduce cylinder wear, oil consumption and carbon deposit, to prevent sludge, gummed piston rings and choked filters.

Now literally millions of motorists have proved that Patent Castrol is unique. During 1936 more Patent Castrol was sold than ever before. It is recommended by Rolls-Royce Ltd., and 32 out of the 35 British car makers. Yet it costs no more. Your car deserves Patent Castrol and it will save you money.

From the Shires and Provinces—cont. from p. 523

From the Warwickshire

March came in more like a Polar Bear than the proverbial lion, and there was so much snow at Epwell that hounds were brought back to Sunrising and the Kineton Coverts. There they put in a really brilliant day, while a few miles farther on Mr. Parry was also able to show splendid sport in almost spring-like surroundings, the fox found in Clopton Gorse being killed at Billesley after a six mile point, on almost the identical spot where another good hunt had ended only the week before.

"To Triumphe," in the words of Whyte Melville (slightly paraphrased)—the Warwickshire Hounds killed their 200th fox on Tuesday. It may well be said the establishment is not more than commonly exhilarated by this success, though never before has it been done. Team work of the very best is the cause, and three old wise heads on three gallant young pairs of shoulders have accomplished what indiscriminate spending of money could never have achieved. Everyone was sorry that Dick, owing to a Point-to-Point mishap, was not present when it happened, but John's gigantic flask was like the widow's cruse, and at the final worry half the village of Wolford seemed to be having a suck at it! Good Port, too; it was worthy of fostering that "mania for foxhunting" which, again to quote the same sporting authority, "outlasts alike love, friendship, literature and money making."

For two weeks running house parties have assembled in the hope of racing at Cheltenham, but with no luck at all, and now the sands of the season are running out, the ominous words, "to finish the season," appear on the fixture cards, and everyone who is fortunate enough still to possess a sound horse is pulling him out and trying to make the most of the very, very few days that are left.

From the Grafton

This is the third week in succession that we wake up to see a raging blizzard, and the third Monday's fixture at Lichborough cancelled. Hunting is therefore doubtful, and will soon be on skis! Friday from Culworth cross-roads proved a really good day. Finding almost immediately in Campbell's Covert, hounds were quickly away, and there was a good hunt of about 40 minutes past Culworth station nearly to Weston, and back right-handed to Moreton Pinkney. A good deal of grief! Guy fell on his head in a boggy place, and also Frank; neither were any the worse, and Guy also took a toss. They found later on in Paynter's Spinney, and there was a fast burst through

Stuchbury to Wilson's Gorse, finally to ground just short of Sulgrave. Another fox from Stuchbury took a line to Allithorne and defeated hounds. It afforded some fun for our two visitors, the M.F.H. from the Quorn and Mr. George Drummond. With snow in the offing, Saturday from Billesdon cross-roads was a surprisingly good day. They had several good runs, the first to Boycott ended in Reynard climbing a tree, from which they failed to evict him. Finally, a 40-minute hunt from Akeley to Leckhampstead Wharf with plenty of lepping. Much to our disappointment, the Hunter Trials have had to be cancelled, as the land is mostly under water.

* * *

A.A. Hints on Easter Motoring.

Very little preparation, apart from careful cleaning and attention to the oil supply, should be necessary before the car goes out on the road for Easter if, when it was stored for the winter, reasonable steps were taken to prevent deterioration. The wheels would presumably have been jacked up so that the tyres were clear of the ground, bright parts greased, and the various chassis points lubricated. If these have been neglected, there will obviously be much more work to do. Sparking plugs should be taken out, cleaned, dried, and the points reset if the engine has not run for some time. An eggcupful of engine oil should then be introduced with a syringe into each cylinder and the engine rotated by hand, to ensure a film of oil on the walls. The engine sump should be drained and filled with new oil, the filter cleaned, and the supply in the gear box and axle "topped up." Don't forget the radiator if it has been emptied during the winter, and examine water joints for leakages after filling up. While the road wheels are clear of the ground the brakes should be checked and adjusted and the tyres examined. Any flints should be removed from the treads, the tyre valves checked, and if any leaky or defective valve centres are noticed, new ones fitted. Serious cuts should be properly vulcanised; the complete wheel should be handed to a garage for this purpose. Inflation pressures must be checked with an independent gauge and corrected, not omitting the spare wheel. The battery will need to be "topped up" and recharged by a local battery service station if it has not received periodical attention during the winter. Its terminals should be carefully cleaned and coated with vaseline. Filters in the carburettor, petrol supply pipes, float chamber, or fuel pump might be inspected and cleared of dirt or obstruction. If an Autovac is fitted, any sediment should be drained out through the drain tap. Starting difficulty is stuck up, due to a swollen fibre bush in the rocker arm. A light dressing of the bush with a "pencil" of fine sandpaper will free it.



BEGINNING ON TUESDAY MARCH 30TH

Midnight Variety

IN THE RESTAURANT AT

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VIC OLIVER

THE TWELVE
ARISTOCRATS

GALI-GALI

MILDRED MONSON

THE THREE
NONCHALANTSDancing to the
Grosvenor House Band
under the direction of
Sydney Lipton



Isobel

70, GROSVENOR ST. W.I.
AND AT HARROGATE

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

by

M.E. Brooke

LONDON is the barometer of fashion; there is no place that so happily combines smartness and distinction. Frocks that bear the name of Mercia always meet with unalloyed success. To this firm must be given the credit of the Dorothy Walker models, which make a direct appeal to women of dignified and generous proportions. Simplicity and graceful lines are the characteristic features of the chef d'œuvre portrayed. The dress is expressed in printed crêpe de Chine, the colour scheme of which is particularly elusive and subtle; suffice it to say that it is charming. The cape which completes the scheme is of marine blue net. This veritable triumph of the dress-maker's art may be seen in the salons of notable couturiers, but should difficulty be experienced in obtaining it, application must be made to Mercia, 75, Wells Street, who will send the name and address of their nearest agent

Picture by Blake



The password to beauty in this year of Coronation grace is—'natural.' The ladylike lady is back! This, by no means,



means leaving your face the way it looks when your maid wakes you. Lilian Mayle can show you how to do it at the salon.



If that's out of the question write to her instead. And remember

you can't put a natural make-up on a bad skin, so get your skin in order too, with Cyclax Special Lotion, Skin Food and Complexion Milk.



CYCLAX

TO FILL OUT LINES AND HOLLOWES : CYCLAX SKIN FOOD keeps the skin young . . . definitely eradicates wrinkles. 'Baby' for the very young, 'Thick' for the very lined, Special 'O' for the average skin. Price, 4/-, 7/6

TO CLEAR THE FACE OF SALLOWNESS OR BLEMISHES : CYCLAX SPECIAL LOTION . . . the lotion that is famous for clarifying the skin, drawing out the acid wastes, removing and preventing blemishes. Price, 5/6, 10/6

A POWDER FOUNDATION TO PREVENT DRY SKIN : CYCLAX MILK OF ROSES, a fine emollient lotion . . . provides an exquisite powder base for the woman with a dry skin. Price, 4/6, 8/6

TWO POWDER FOUNDATIONS THAT LAST MANY HOURS : CYCLAX DAY LOTION, for dry and normal skins, Cyclax Blended Lotion for greasy skins, supplied in matching tones to all shades of powder. Price, 4/6, 8/6

• All the best shops throughout the Empire sell Cyclax and will advise on the treatment.

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CROWNING GLORY

*Hairdressing hints
for the Coronation*



IT is a Viscountess' coronet that is seen in the centre. Dickins and Jones would dress individual clients' hair in the same manner, or create a pos-tiche. The other pictures on this page show some new ways of arranging the hair. Two views of the same coiffure are seen directly above and right

A PARTICULARLY flattering horse-shoe effect is noticeable in the coiffure below; at the sides there are turn-over waves, while at the back roll curls are arranged to form a triangle. It is quite an affair and very suitable for formal occasions; nevertheless, the cunning of an artist's hand is present



THERE is no doubt about it that curls are an important feature of the coiffures of this the Coronation year. Above is seen the back of the model in the opposite corner; it will be seen that the roll curls form part of the halo. Fair locks as well as dark hair are becoming when dressed in this manner

ROLL curls are likewise used to advantage in the dressing below. It must also be related that Dickins and Jones excel in the art of permanent waving, as well as the care of the scalp and hair in general. Among their clients are many who have come at regular intervals ever since these salons were opened



PEERESSES are faced with the difficult problem of keeping their coronets in position in Westminster Abbey after the Coronation of Their Majesties King George VI and Queen Elizabeth. Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, advocate that a very fine cord elastic be attached to the coronet. It should be placed on the head and held with the first two fingers of the left hand; then with the right it is a simple matter to adjust the elastic, which is neatly concealed by the curls. This firm would be pleased to demonstrate the simplicity of this method to all those who are interested in the subject





By Appointment

*Beauty
Replacements
from Bond Street
-in demand all
over the world*

*In Paris, trying weather has already converted
thousands of smart women to Beauty Replacements
of natural loveliness and a youthful complexion.*



Awaken your Sleeping Beauty

All over the world black withered trees and shrunk shrubs are coming to life at the voice of spring—veiling themselves in tender leaves and petals. And so with women—the beauty you've thought dead, your skin that has grown worn and dull during the winter can be brought anew to tender, glowing beauty. But you must treat it as nature does her plants, to awaken it to loveliness. Put back the vital life-giving elements it has lost . . . and it will bloom anew. Here is one simple, lovely cream that is a replacement of those very elements. It contains the simple ingredients of normal skin fat. In the pot these are asleep—waiting to come into contact with

your starved skin and awaken it into living beauty. Lovely complexions all over the world are a testimonial to Yardley's Skin Food. Thousands of pots are sold in every land. Enjoy its benefits at our Salon—or use it nightly at home this time of year whatever your type of skin. In good Stores and Chemists, 3/6 and 7/6.

YARDLEY TREATMENT FOR LATE WINTER

All over the world, women have found the simple Yardley system of replacing depleted skin elements the most marvellously effective they have ever tried. Now, before spring catches you unprepared, try this treatment for your winter-starved, depleted skin today. All Skins: *Liquefying Cleansing Cream*, equivalent to the oil in a perfect youthful skin, to cleanse at night, after washing with Yardley English Lavender Soap, especially prepared for the complexion. All Skins: *Skin Food*, the nutritive elements found in perfect skin; let absorb all night. All Skins: *Complexion Milk*, for smoothing, softening and cleansing in the daytime. Normal and dry Skins: *Complexion Cream*, slightly nutritive powder base. (Greasy Skins: *Complexion Milk*, powder base to regulate oil glands.) Large sizes Creams, Lotions, 7/6. Make up to taste, with *Yardley Cream Rouge*, 2/-, *Eyeshadow*, 2/-, *Lipstick*, 3/-.

Creams and
Lotions

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Beauty Calling



THE face really does need the help of the Harriet Hubbard Ayer treatments and preparations. It is in her artistic salons at 130, Regent Street that women may satisfy the urge to make the most of themselves. There are telephones in all the cubicles; therefore clients are able to chat with their friends while enjoying a treatment. Then the good work begun here may be continued at home, for the preparations are sold practically everywhere. There is Luxuria Cleansing Cream, which seeps deep into the pores and dislodges the tiny particles of dirt and other impurities; furthermore, it prevents that grey and ageing look. The special astringent which contracts the pores also braces and stimulates, and there are preparations for the nails which need consideration. Every woman must study with care the booklet "All For Beauty," which will be sent gratis and post free



Pictures by Blake

SHORT-WAVE RADIO

EMPIRE'S STRONGEST LINK!



ALL the Empire shares the joys and interests of those at home. Instantaneously, vividly, every Briton, wherever he may be, receives news and entertainment from home . . . just as we in the old country are kept in closest unity with him.

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To you at home, a Philco All-Wave Superhet brings the best that the world's radio talent can supply. It is an endless source of entertainment and interest. It gives you every day in your own home what would have been thought, only five years ago, the dream of a visionary. And at a cost so low that all can enjoy it.

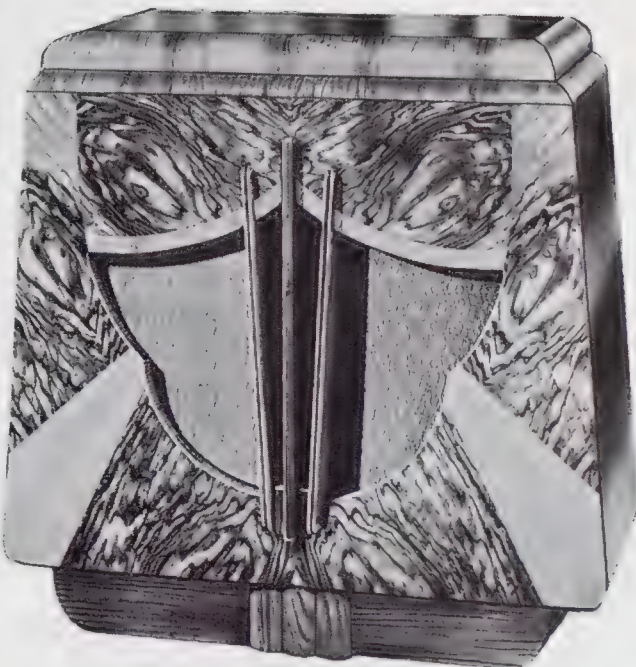
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WHEN a great designer not only admires a fabric but selects it for several of her models its success is assured. Schiaparelli in her Paris collections demonstrated that fashions carried out in "Viyella" are altogether charming. This artist in fashion has herself styled the new "Viyella" weaves and patterns. "Viyella" Thirty-Six, the standard shirt and blouse weight, is seen in intriguing checks and stripes, plain shades and herringbone weaves. There is, however, a heavier weight with other designs. The prices are 4s. 11d. and 5s. 11d. a yard

BEAUTIFUL colours and a great variety of design characterise the "Viyella" fabrics. For a Spring morning in town Schiaparelli has planned a simple frock in pale dull blue, with tiny squares of navy to be emphasised by accessories. Her long tailored dressing-gown is magnificent in military scarlet, one of the new herringbone weaves. The many checks are delightful for sports frocks, and shorts of "Viyella" hang really well. If there is any difficulty in obtaining these fabrics, write to William Hollins Viyella House, Nottingham

FREE AND EASY

A MECHANIC'S overalls inspired Schiaparelli when she created the beach suit on the left above in checked "Viyella." It is high in front, with large patch pockets for "tools"—in this case, powder puff and lipstick. The play suit on the right above consists of checked trousers, worn with a knitted sweater of thin wool. Pleats give fullness at the sides and there are knife-edge creases. Two lovely colours are seen in happy unison in the youthful beach outfit on the left; the backless play suit is in banana yellow, while the fitted, slightly flared coat is of deep navy blue



"Bless you for that beauty budget, Jane Seymour!"

"I should like to keep my skin nice," said a girl who came to my Salon, "but I'm quite a beginner, I wish you'd tell me exactly what to do."

"Well," I said, "a lovely skin depends on nothing but regular care. And by far the best way to keep yourself up to the mark is to follow a simple daily routine, with one set of preparations."

"But isn't that frightfully expensive?" she said. "When you read beauty articles, the preparations they tell you to use seem simply legion."

"It's clear you haven't heard about my beauty budget idea," I said, "I'm so keen to put regular care on a practical basis, that I've worked out complete plans for normal, dry and greasy skins with the minimum number of preparations. Yours, the normal, comes to £1. 2s. 0d. This includes Cleansing Cream and Juniper

Skin Tonic, Peach Skin Food, Foundation Cream, Paste Rouge, Powder and Lipstick—everything you need, in fact, for keeping your skin cleansed, braced and fed, and for make-up."

"Sounds rather a good idea," she said. "I think I'll try it."

About a month later she was back. "Bless you for that beauty budget!" she said. "I've been comparing notes with my friends, and find I'm spending less than they do, and keeping my skin in far better condition."

Ask any shop that sells my preparations to tell you my beauty budgets for dry and greasy skins, and get my book "Speaking Frankly" and read up the treatments. Or write direct to me, Jane Seymour Ltd. 23 Woodstock Street, Bond Street, London, W. 1. Telephone Mayfair 3712.



Trade Mark

Jane Seymour

BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 535

"Stand To," the latest book from my friend, Captain F. C. Hitchcock, is a record of his adventures as a subaltern in the 2nd Battalion, the Leinsters, during the big war. It is published by Hurst and Blackett, who, as usual, have done their side of the job most admirably. As a rule, this author devotes himself to the horse, but I am glad that he has not let this quite valuable diary of modern war go into the dustbin. This book is not a blood-and-thunder record of gore and glory, nor is it a highly technical disquisition on strategy and tactics: it is something a lot more, a vivid succession of snapshots taken by the flashlight of bursting shells: a very fine picture of an Irish regiment on the bust. It has been said that you have only got to make an Irishman's nose bleed and try to knock the liver and lights out of him, and nothing will stop him going through the front door of hell and out by the back after pushing the whole sanguinary house down. It is this side of things which these wonderful little cameos in "Stand To" present to us, and I think everyone who reads the book will agree with me that the man who has fashioned them is something of an artist. Here are a few that may tell you much!

"At about 9 a.m. we left our temporary sanctuary, l'Ecole de Ypres, and marched back to the company lines, via the Cloth Hall Square, the men still in bare feet and I in pyjamas! When we got back we found a shocking sight. Two more shells had landed slap into our dug-out lines, completely obliterating eight dug-outs, which, worse luck, were occupied.

Sergt. Price and Sergt. Molloy, the sergeant cook, Privates Casey, Martin, Ross, Rutledge, and Reynolds had been killed, two of whom had been blown into the trees overhead, as no trace of them could be found, although we had the men digging up the earth all round the shell craters."

"1st December.—It was terribly cold during the night, and froze hard. At 8 a.m. the company paraded for the line. There was a thick frost, and the roads were like glass. I moved off by myself down the main road of Maroc, intending to take the communication trench north-east of the village, where there were no longer any buildings to afford cover, and where the whole Maroc-Loos road was under direct observation of the enemy from Hill 70 and the Double Crassier."

"However, when I got to the C.T., I found that there was no way into it without jumping, as it was very deep, so I walked on out into the open. I had gone about 200 yards when a sniper opened on me from the Double Crassier. There I was, well away from the C.T., and no available cover handy. I came across to the C.T. with bullets tearing up the ground beside me, the frozen surface of the road added to my difficulties. When I got to the C.T. it was six feet deep at least. The sides were very steep and frozen; also, the duckboards looked horribly slippery. I hesitated a few moments before jumping in, but a few close shots made me think that a broken leg would be better than being killed, so in I leapt. That sniper was a wretched shot, as I was never out of 500 yards' range, but his hands may have been frozen. Mine were not, and with my heavy equipment I was quite breathless when finally landing in the bottom of the trench."



MR. AND MRS. D. G. A. LOWE AND SON DAVID

Mr. Douglas Lowe is the noted athlete who represented us twice in Olympic Games. He is now a barrister and Hon. Sec. of the Amateur Athletic Association. Mrs. Lowe is Danish-born and is the daughter of the great Danish surgeon, Dr. Einar Thamsen. David is a very promising two-year-old



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WHICH
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WHILE!**

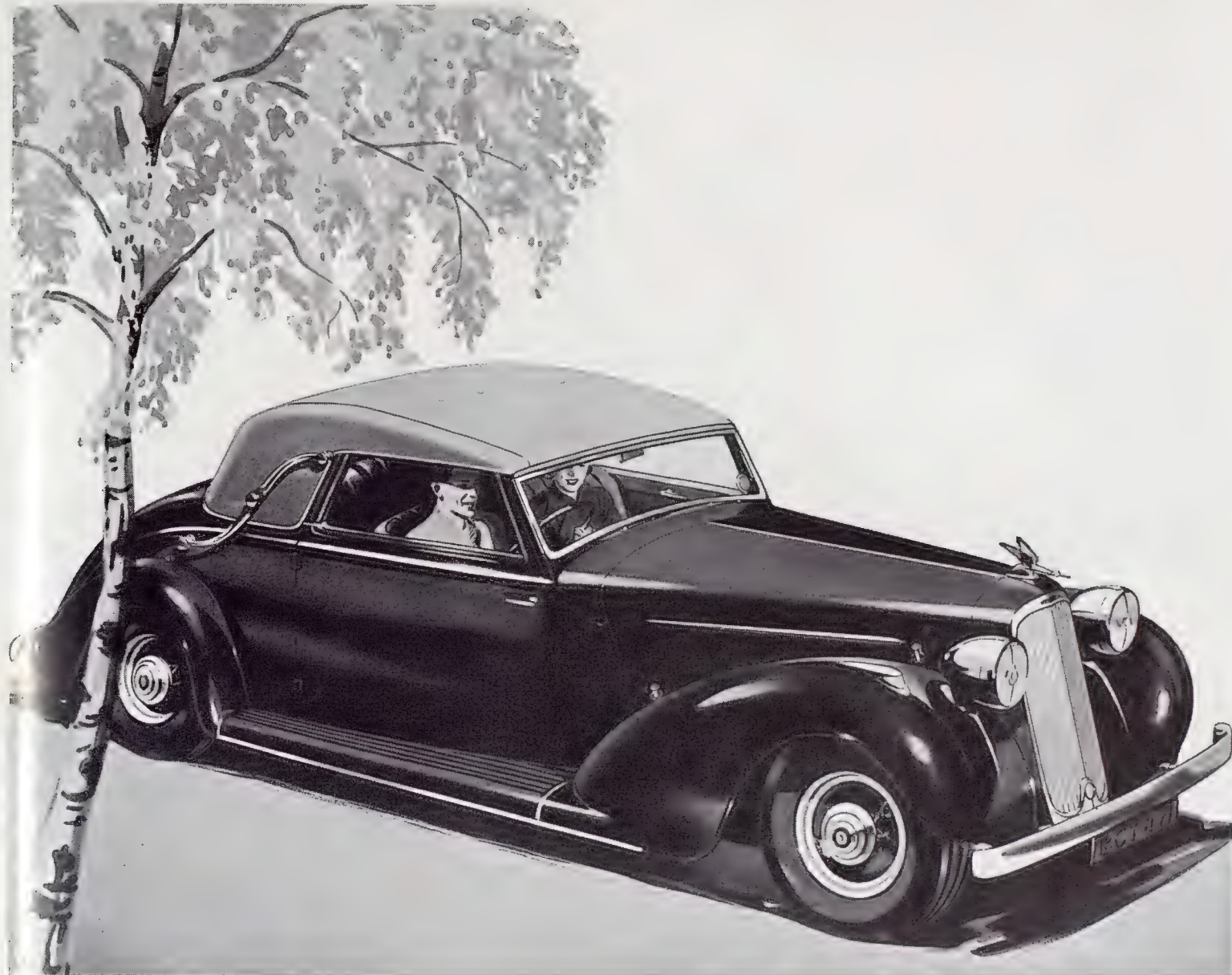


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Exceptional luggage accommodation provided in rear boot, while lid forms platform for additional trunks and cases.

HUMBER DROPHEAD COUPÉ

"Queen Shirin's Boon"—continued from p. 552

Most important was it that he had wrung rich subsidies, buying-off money, from Imperial Rome! The banquet that celebrated his return home was of historic proportions.

It was at the close of this meal, or rather of the solid part of it, that Khosru sent for his queen, while the wine was going round and the dancers were coming in. Either the wine of those days was very potent or kings were very rash in their promises or else there was a convention of royal behaviour that must have been very inconvenient at times, for no sooner was Shirin settled on the couch beside him than he must needs make that same foolhardy offer with which some of the Biblical monarchs so unguardedly saddled themselves. Nay, more, he held up his hand for silence so that the zithers and the singing fell quiet and all men heard him.

"Oh pearl of all the seas," he declaimed loudly, "I, Khosru, your lord, grant you your boon. Ask then, whatever you may wish, even to the half of my kingdom!"

It may be that Shirin had foreseen the opportunity or it may be that she was remarkably quick; in any case her request was admirably framed.

"My lord," she said, rising to her feet with humility, "while you are away—and you are so often away" (her voice sank cleverly), "I miss you at each rising of the sun, at each rising of the moon. I am lonely without you, my lord, and without the shelter of your presence all is oppressive to me, the heat of the sun, and the dust that comes in upon the wind. I faint, my lord, you see me now pale and wan for the long lack of you. My lord, grant me this boon! When you are away, whensoever I feel faint and ill—for I am often faint and ill when you are absent—grant that I may bathe myself in the cool waters of the Helawan that I can see day by day in the valley far below me. Grant me this, my lord, by day and by night, for it is in the late watches of the night, when I am alone and waking, that most I am oppressed. I know that by those cool waters alone can I be soothed." And as she spoke she saw visions of a little house among the pomegranates and the cool shadows of the vines.

He nodded and gave her his ring to kiss, and she sank beside him on the couch again.

In the weeks that followed, while Khosru took his ease awhile in the peace of his palace, there was activity outside the walls and masons at work in the inner courtyard where high walls shut off the eyes of the curious. In this the queen was not interested; it was no new thing, even in those days, for a man who has recently acquired a large accession of wealth to busy himself with building additions to his home. She was more concerned in forwarding the affairs of the Turkish ambassadors who had come to the court with suggestions that Khosru should join their nation in conquest to the East, in Central Asia. She was pressing eagerly upon the king the advantages to be gained by a conquest of Bactria, urging him to lead his victorious armies to new conquest. A state, she suggested, cannot stand still, it must either advance or retrograde, and besides, the conquest of Bactria would be so easy for him, the all-conquering.

At last he agreed with her and the armies were mobilised yet once again. On the morning of the great king's departure to join his host, waking eagerly in the morning and preparing herself to take leave of him, Shirin noticed carelessly a silence about the castle. The clatter of the masons' hammers had ceased; their work was, it seemed, complete.

At last the moment of parting came, the trumpets braying outside the walls called the cohorts of the bodyguard to form up for the march; inside the palace the king came from his apartments habited for war.

Shirin met him with her maids and bowed low before him. Khosru took her by the hand.

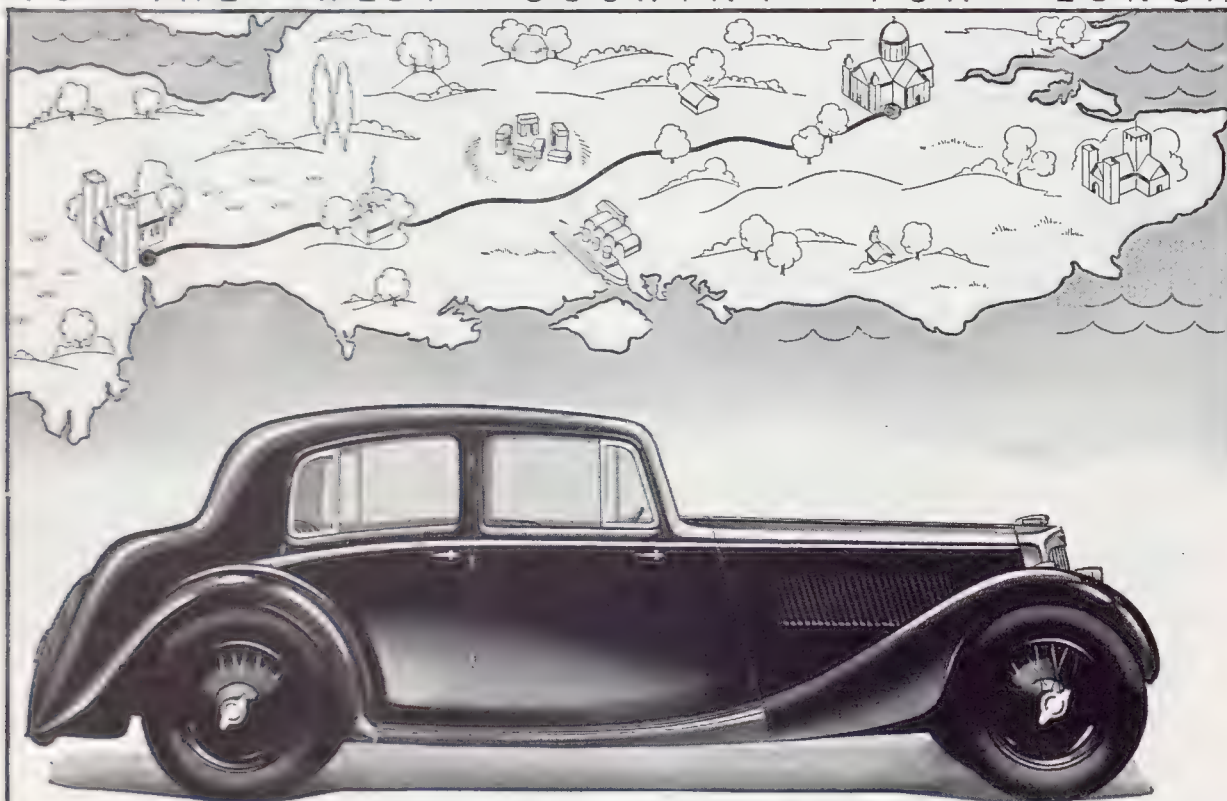
"Turquoise of the dawn," he said, "come!"

He led her to the inner courtyard. Gleaming with new carved work of marble and of onyx in the centre of it was a pool, a pool such as one might bathe in. And through a culvert in the wall, from a water-channel of careful masonry that ran, far as the eye could see, towards the upper reaches of the river, flowed in the cool waters of the Helawan.

* * *

The story-teller of the Kazvin bazaar ended his tale: "This is the story of Queen Shirin. And they say," he went on, "that never did she win to the secret places of the valley." But he paused and added "Inshallah!" which is commonly used in the East to express a polite doubt.

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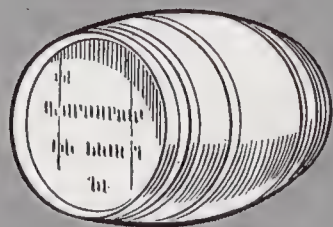
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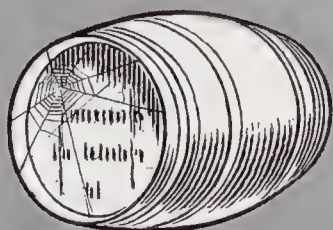
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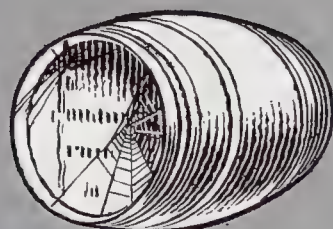
GOOD WHISKY
gets rounder



and rounder



and rounder



and comes
out SQUARE
yet rounder
than ever



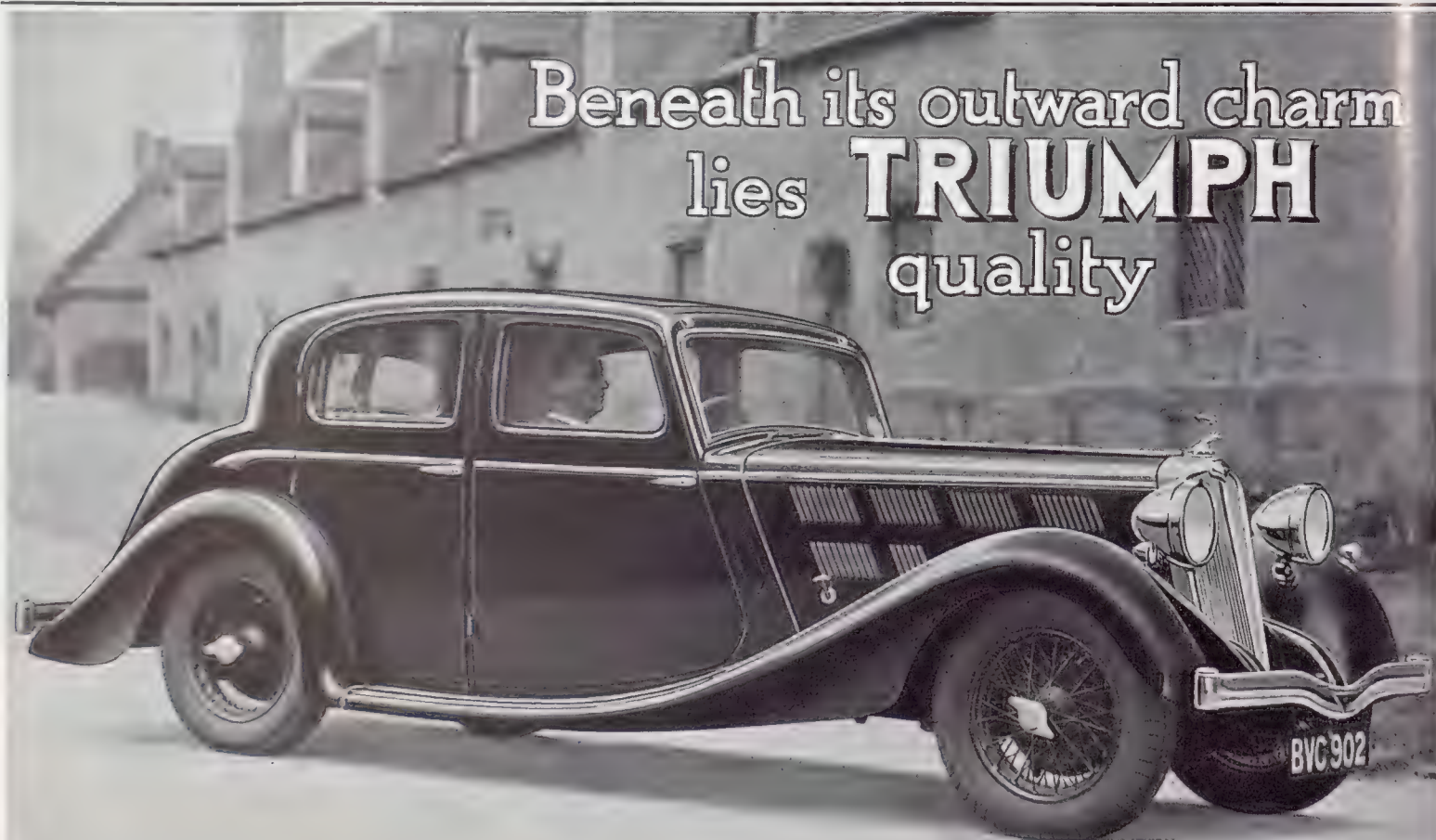
Between the distilling of fine 'single' whiskies and the blending of Johnnie Walker, many years elapse. During these years the single whiskies mature peacefully in oak casks, developing their individual characteristics, and all the time acquiring mellowness and 'roundness.'

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JOHNNIE WALKER — born 1820, still going strong

STILLS FROM THE
MOVIESIN "FOR VALOUR": RALPH
LYNN AND VERONICA ROSEIN "THE MAGNIFICENT
BRUTE": BINNIE BARNESIN "A DOCTOR'S DIARY": JOHN
TRENT AND HELEN BURGESS

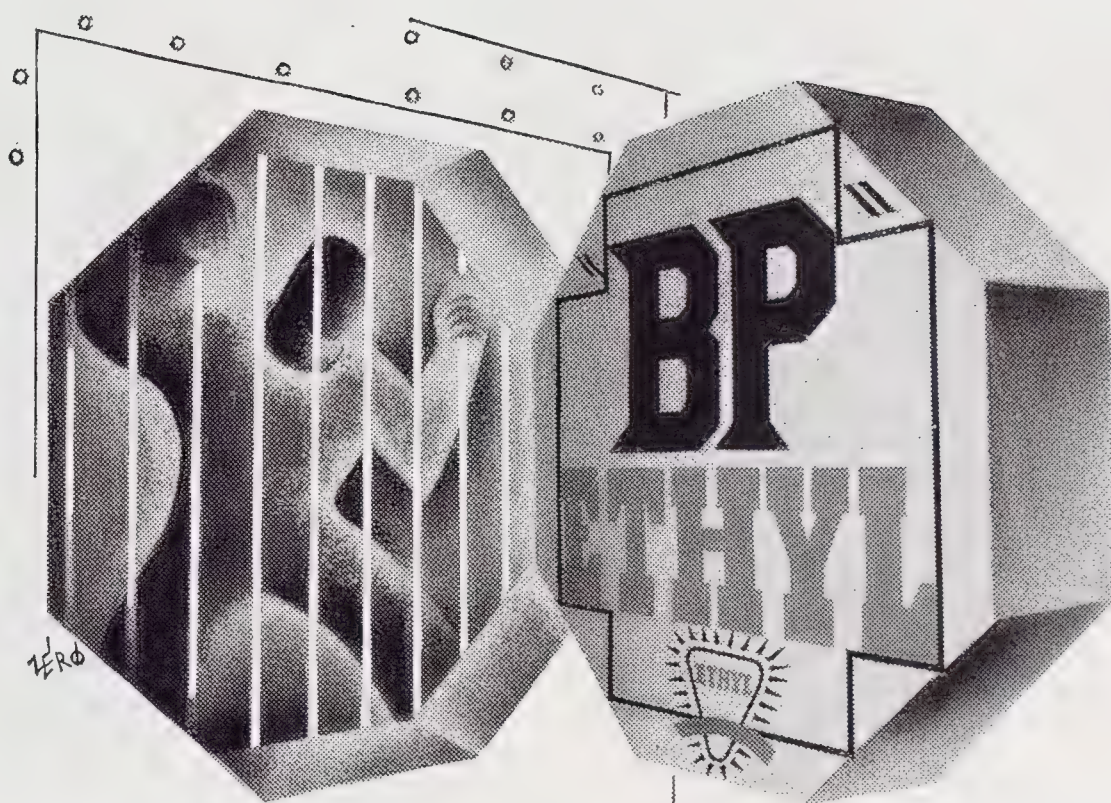
For Valour is a Ben Travers comedy produced by Tom Walls, who is seen once more in partnership with Ralph Lynn. The film covers a wide slice of modern history, from the Boer War onwards: the critics have suggested that it would have been improved if Tom Walls had confined himself to "character" parts. It is showing at the New Gallery. *The Magnificent Brute* is at the Tivoli, and in it Binnie Barnes is starred with Victor McLaglen. She is also to be seen as the gold-digger in *Three Smart Girls*, now at the Gaumont. *A Doctor's Diary*, at the Plaza, is a tale of a young doctor's struggle with a mass of curious professional ethics which one hopes are confined to transatlantic medicine. In it John Trent plays the young doctor and Helen Burgess is Ruth Hanlon, the nurse whom, after many tribulations, he marries



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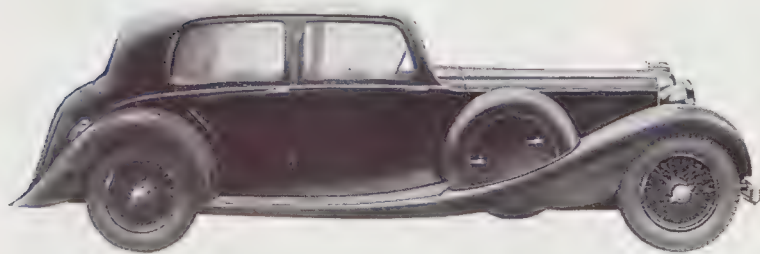
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★ Wheelbase... 11 ft. 6 in. (9 in. longer).
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Other Models; 4½ litre Saloon, £1,125; DH Coupe, £1,150; Tourer, £1,050; Rapide Tourer (108 m.p.h.), £1,050.

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A Rugby Letter—continued from p. 544

"Disappointed but Hopeful" is the rather cryptic signature to an interesting letter which I have recently received from the North. My correspondent is eminently fair, and evidently possesses considerable knowledge and experience of the game. His trouble is that Northern players do not secure sufficient attention, and receive scant justice from selectors and Southern writers in general. As regards selectors, I do not think they can be blamed for neglecting the North. They see plenty of county matches, and I am perfectly sure that they are only too glad to get hold of a good man wherever they can find him. At the same time, I am quite willing to agree that the North should have at least one more selector, who would doubtless be able to give more time to the Northern matches than the men who have to live in the South.

Obviously, most of the Southern writers belong to London papers, and they naturally deal with the players of whom they see most. They depend a good deal on Northern writers for information as to Northern players, and I am bound to say that the latter do not always do their countrymen full justice. For instance, take that great player, L. A. Booth, who received far more support as a rule from London critics than from his own people. On the other hand, the Northern pair of centres whom my correspondent mentions as being tipped by most (but not all!) Southern critics, as well as by Northern ones, duly received the caps for which they were so strongly supported. They played in all three matches for England in 1935, and England scored a goal and a try, apart from three or four penalty kicks by H. Boughton. Surely no one can be surprised that the selectors should look a good deal farther the following season, especially as J. Heaton hardly seemed sufficiently robust for international football, and certainly finished one match, if not two, on the wing.



Dorothy Wilding

A LOVELY BRIDE TO BE: MISS BINA VAN KRIEKENBEEK

Whose marriage to Mr. Archibald Finlayson Forbes takes place on St. George's Day, April 23. Miss Van Kriekenbeek is the only child of the late Major Van Kriekenbeek and of Mrs. Wilding, of Orchard Court

* * *

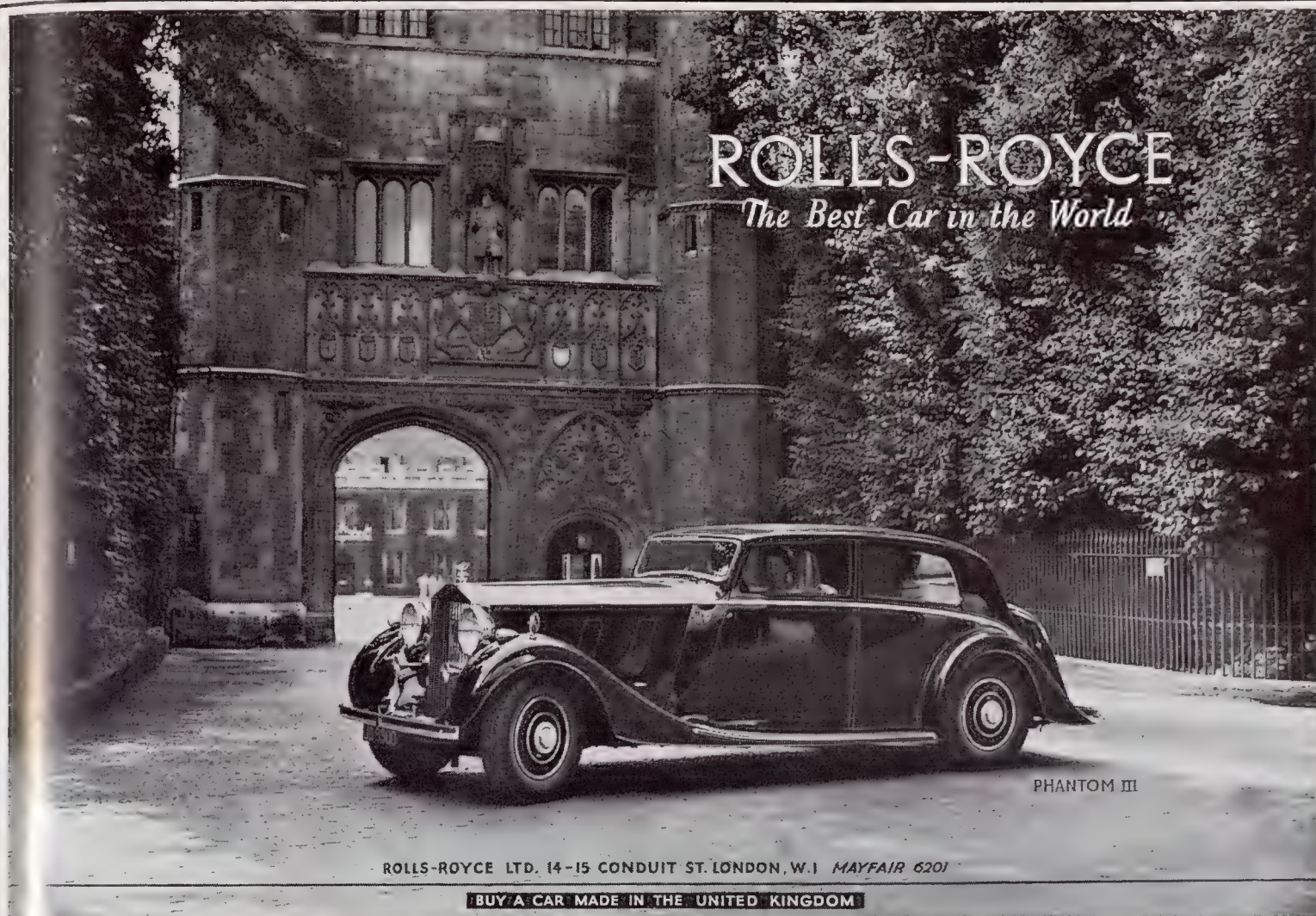
"1066 And All That."

Emile Littler and Charles Macdonà are reviving *1066 and All That* at the Cambridge Theatre on Saturday, March 27, as a special Coronation attraction. This play ran for nearly a year at the Strand Theatre, and was taken off when it was still playing to crowded houses, simply because the theatre management was under contract with another company to open there. It is a coincidence that *1066 and All That* finished at the Strand Theatre on the Saturday before Easter, 1936, and, after breaking records all over the country, will re-open at the Cambridge Theatre on Easter Saturday, 1937, just a year later.

* * *

An Outstanding Musical Event.

On Thursday, April 22, the Salzburg Orchestra makes its bow to London at the Queen's Hall at 8.30 p.m. This is the first visit to England of an orchestra which has gained world fame, and the occasion, which is in aid of Queen Charlotte's Hospital, is being eagerly looked forward to. With the orchestra will sing Mariano Stabile, the great baritone of La Scala (who had such a success at Salzburg under Toscanini last summer) and Audrey Mildmay, leading soprano at Glyndebourne. Ivor Newton will be at the piano.



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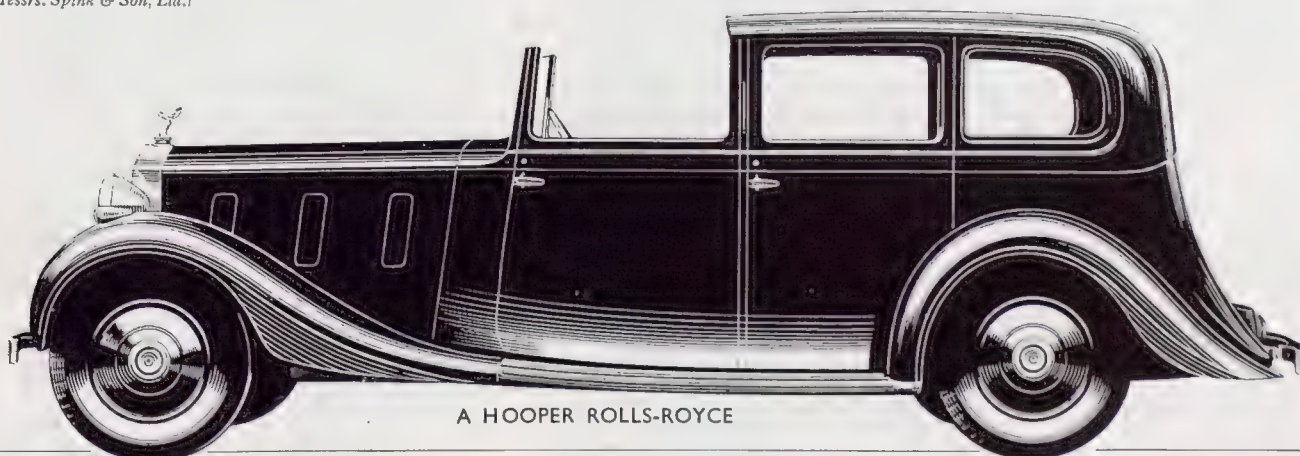
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MRS. VICTOR MALCOLM (ANN TODD)
AND HER YOUNG SON DAVID



Catherine Bell
COLONEL R. W. EATON'S BRIDE
THE FORMER MISS STELLA MICHELL

Here are three attractive results of recent camera appointments: Miss Frances McClean, the elder daughter of Lt.-Colonel Sir Francis and Lady McClean, of Huntercombe Place, is to be presented, together with her younger sister Iona, and their mother gives a dance for them at Claridge's on June 21. Mrs. Victor Malcolm, daughter-in-law of Sir Ian Malcolm, of Poltalloch, has stage fame as Ann Todd and had a big part in the success of the Bernstein play *Promise* last year. Young David joined the family circle in November. The marriage of Miss Stella Michell, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William C. Michell, to Colonel R. W. Eaton took place on March 22, at Mentone, where her parents have a villa. Her father was formerly Resident Councillor at Penang.

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LADIES' KENNEL

The Committee of the Kennel Club has called the attention of dog owners to the fact that they are liable to be disqualified from showing dogs at shows held under the authority of the Kennel Club if they exhibit at unrecognised shows. The Committee feels that many people are misled and exhibit their dogs at these unrecognised shows in ignorance of the fact that such shows have no standing. Exhibitors are advised not to take part in them, and to make certain that any show at which they intend to exhibit has received a licence from the Kennel Club and is to be held under K.C. Rules.

Quite a lot of people get up small shows for charitable purposes and do not know that they should get a licence from the Kennel Club, or the dogs will be disqualified. It is quite a simple matter, as the K.C. does not wish to discourage these charitable shows. Anyone starting one should write to the Secretary, 84, Piccadilly, who will send full particulars; then any dog can be shown. These charitable affairs have nothing in common with piratical shows and no rules are broken in getting them up.



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The Sealyham has made great progress lately. He is particularly suited to country life and one sees many about. It is only a short time that he has been before the public, as his first appearance was just before the War. Now he is everywhere, a sure sign that he is a dog of

ASSOCIATION NOTES

merit. The Misses Verrall own one of the foremost kennels of Sealyhams; they have owned and bred many winners. Like all large kennels, they usually have some puppies suitable as companions for disposal, and send a delightful picture of some of them.

Mrs. Shelmerdine owns one of the best-known kennels of Pekinese in the north. It has only been established comparatively lately, but has done extremely well. The photograph is of Ti Foon Pretty Girl, who has had a brilliant career, culminating in winning the Champion Certificate at the Kennel Club Show. Between September and Christmas 1936, she was either best of her sex in Show or best exhibit in Show on ten occasions, winning forty first prizes. When one thinks of the strong competition there is in Pekinese this shows what a good one she must be. In addition to Pretty Girl there are several good stud dogs and some lovely puppies, some of which, also some adults, are for sale. The kennels

are completely up to date and are the last word in comfort, with large grass runs for exercise, which makes so much for the dogs' fitness.

Miss Simmons is really best known as a breeder, judge or exhibitor of Afghans, her Ch. Alfreda is a well-known Afghan, a winner of five challenge certificates. She has always had a Dandie as a companion, her old Dandie, Matching Rob, who was well known and won many prizes for her, had lately to be put to sleep at the age of eleven. She now has a young one nine months old, and her friend, Miss Ferreira, who lives with her, also has one; the snapshot is of their two Dandies. The bitch, Shrimping Scilla, has already won at Bognor Members' Show. Miss Simmons finds Dandies full of character; they have a strong will, but are most faithful and devoted.

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nut-hooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



DANDIES

The property of Miss Simmons



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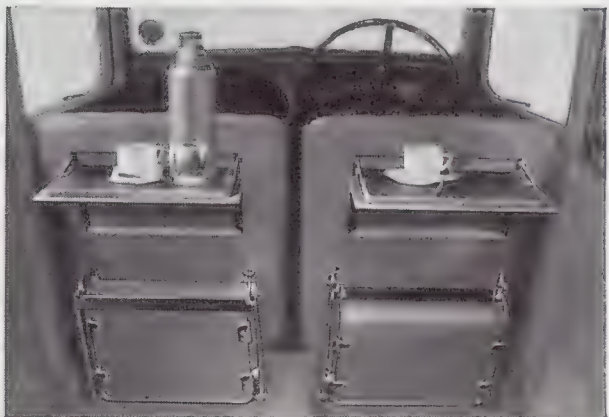
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Hay Wrightson
MISS ANGELA DUNCAN

The elder daughter of Major-General Sir John and Lady Duncan, of 16, Bryanston Square, whose engagement was announced this month to Mr. Gerald Joseph Yorke, the elder son of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. V. W. Yorke, of Forthampton Court, Gloucester

April Weddings.

Mr. Hugh J. C. Taylor, The Royal Sussex Regiment, the eldest son of the late Mr. John Taylor and Mrs. Taylor, of Eastbourne, and Miss Gwendolen Gosden, the daughter of Mr. John Gosden, of Pevensy, and Mrs. Gosden, of Bexhill, are being married quietly in London in April; on April 7, Mr. Cedric Bath, The Gloucestershire Regiment, marries Miss Mollie Parkhouse at St. Mary's, Sheet; and on the 12th, the marriage will take place quietly at Bettws Newydd, Monmouthshire, between Mr. Samuel H. Waters, of Upton, Norfolk, and Miss Joan Sholl Church, of Perth, Western Australia.

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

In Persia.

The marriage is taking place at Bushire, Persia, on April 7, between Mr. Henry Godfrey Jordan, the only son of Colonel Henry Burke Jordan, and the late Mrs. B. Jordan, of Thornehill, Kiltimagh, Co. Mayo, Ireland, and Bashley, Shandon, Scotland, and Miss Maud L. Tunnell Barrett, the eldest daughter of the late Rev. W. Tunnell Barrett and Mrs. Barrett, of Buckhorn Weston, Wincanton, Somerset.



MR. AND MRS. W. A. GRIFFITHS

Who were married at Gwalior recently. Mr. Walter Ace Griffiths is the son of Mr. A. L. Griffiths, and the late Mrs. Griffiths, of London, and his bride was formerly Miss Sylvia Carson, the only daughter of Mr. C. W. C. Carson, C.I.E., O.B.E., Finance Minister of Gwalior State, India

Recent Engagements.

Major Leslie Noel Millard, Royal Army Ordnance Corps; the younger son of Dr. and Mrs. C. Killick Millard, of the Gilrose, Leicester, and Miss Barbara Hawkins, the elder daughter of the late Major H. T. Hawkins, Royal Artillery, and of Mrs. Hawkins, of Merivale, Teignmouth; Mr. John Green-Price, Gwerinafel, Knighton, Radnorshire, and Miss Irene Marian Lloyd, the eldest daughter of Major E. G. R. Lloyd, D.S.O., and Mrs. Lloyd, of Hazelwood House, Rhu, Dumbartonshire; Captain Basil Joseph Leech, Fifth Fusiliers, the son of Dr. J. W. Leech, M.P., and Mrs. Leech, of Sydenham House, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and Miss Grace Elizabeth Mary Luckham, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Luckham, of De Vaux, Salisbury; Mr. William Aylmer Clarke, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Clarke, of Fernbank, Howth, Co. Dublin, and Miss Rhona Sybil Cuthell, the only daughter of the late Major A. H. Cuthell, The West Yorkshire Regiment, and Mrs. Cuthell, of Coolnesker, Portrush, Co. Antrim.



Vandyk
MISS JOAN REID

Who is to marry Captain Richmond Keith Molesworth Batty, I.A., Indian Political Department, the eldest son of Lieut-Colonel W. R. Batty, of 55, Victoria Avenue, Sliema, Malta, is the only daughter of Sir Robert Reid, K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E., I.C.S., and Lady Reid, of Government House, Shillong, Assam, and The Warren, Thorpe, Suffolk



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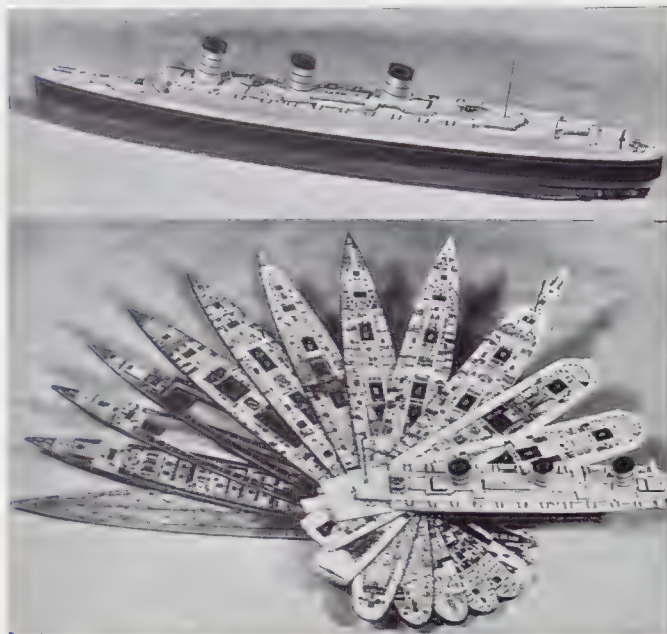
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NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, urgently ask for £13 to grant 5s. weekly to a gentlewoman, the widow of a mining engineer. Her husband died some years ago after a long and distressing illness, the result of war-strain, which entirely exhausted their savings. At first his widow, although in delicate health, was able to make a little money by giving singing lessons, but she is now too frail to continue these, and is faced with the difficulty of paying everything: room rent; food, coal, clothes and doctor's bills on her sole income of £52 a year. If we can send her 5s. a week she could have a few of the things which, to one of gentle birth, are almost necessities.

At the Streatham Hill Theatre this week *The Astonished Ostrich* is being presented, with Mackenzie Ward, Wanda Rotha, and Basil Radford in their original parts.

Commencing Easter Monday, for one week only, Paul Murray is presenting June Knight in Robert Nesbitt's new revue, *And On We Go!*, with Marie Lohr, Charles Heslop, David Hutcheson and Van Phillips and his famous broadcasting orchestra, with the entire company and production immediately prior to production in the West End.

Readers of *The Tatler* will regret to hear of the death of Mrs. Carlo F. Culpeper Clarke, whose articles on dogs attracted widespread attention. For many years in the past she was the author of the Ladies' Kennel Association Notes in this paper, and her work then attracted a wide circle of correspondents.

In the "doggy" world, Mrs. Carlo Clarke was regarded as one of the highest authorities. To a lifelong love of dogs and fully fifty years' experience as a breeder, especially of Bulldogs, she added a marvellous memory for individual dogs and their

owners, and a very wide acquaintance among breeders, judges and other "doggy" personalities. She was one of the founders of the Ladies' Kennel Association, and for many years president of the London Bulldog Club. She was also one of the first women to judge at dog shows.

We believe many of our readers who enjoyed Mrs. Carlo Clarke's articles would like to join in some expression of appreciation. Mrs. Clarke took a very keen interest in the movement for providing guide dogs for blind persons and started a fund to provide a guide dog through the established channels (the Tailwaggers' Club). The amount required for providing the dog and its training is £60, of which £15 6s. 6d. has been subscribed up to date. It would be very fitting if this fund could now be completed and the dog presented in memory of Mrs. Carlo Clarke.

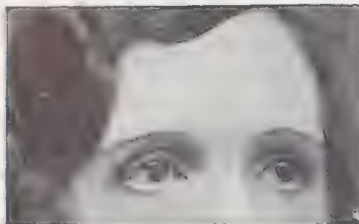
The Editor will be pleased to receive donations, however small, for this purpose.



MISS FRIEDA INESCOURT, WHO IS IN THE "SWEET ALOES" FILM

The film version of the famous play was generally released on March 22 and Miss Inescourt plays one of the star parts. She is also starring in *Call It A Day*, which will be shown in London very shortly, and is also based on a successful play

Glamour and Laughter is the title of the new variety show Kurt Robitschek presented at the Victoria Palace on March 22. Ilomay Bailey and Lee Sims, who scored a tremendous success on their first appearance last month, had to drop out of the bill suddenly when Miss Bailey caught the 'flu. She is now completely recovered, and this popular team pays a return visit to the Victoria Palace. There is also Cookie Bowers, "the man with 100 voices." When Max Fleischer's Cartoons ("Betty Boop," etc.) come on the screen, Cookie Bowers is the man who does the synchronising; in other words he, in his own person, is every one of the "voices off." He can imitate old men, the tiniest babes, deep basses, high sopranos, wild animals—anything you like. Cookie Bowers has never toured outside America before. An American comedy team, consisting of Charlie Forsyth, Eddie Seamon and Helena Karell, are also a big attraction; and another team from America, making their first appearance here, are the dancers, Shirley Richards and Bob Gillette.



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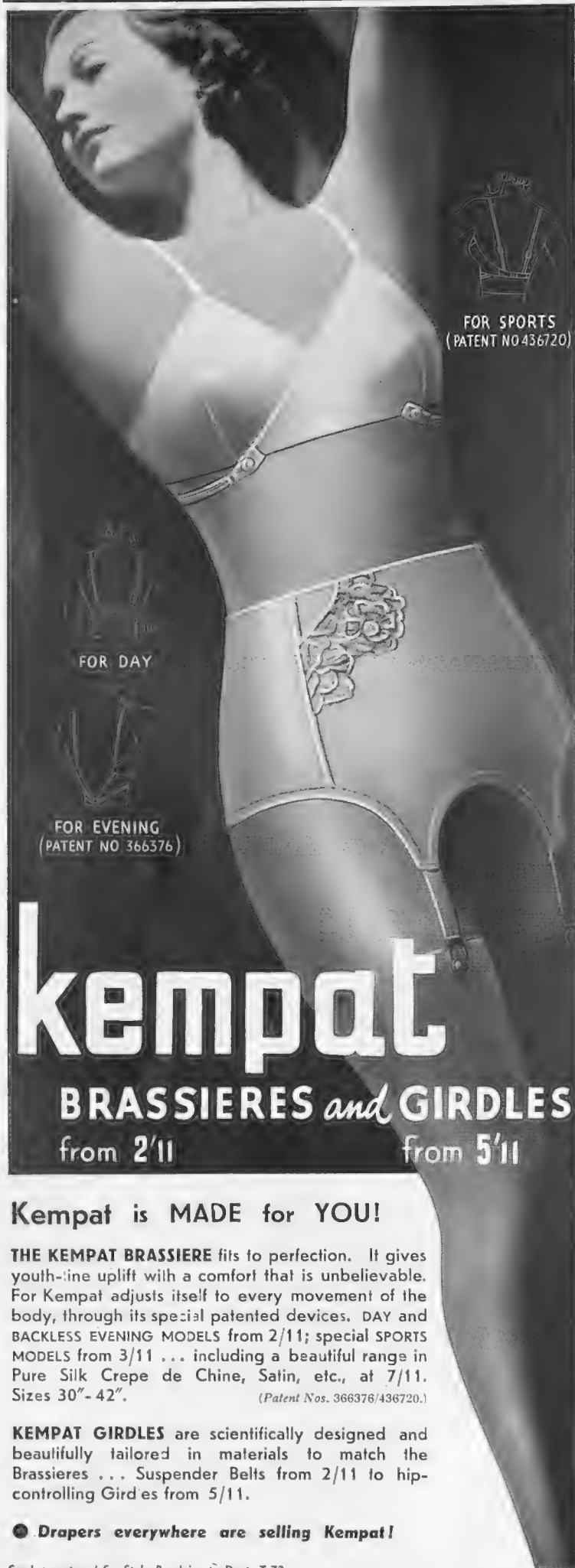
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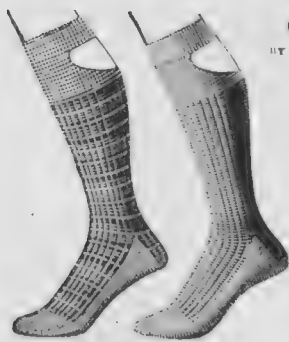


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patent P.3

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The N.S.P.C.C.

King George VI and his Queen have given many instances of their warm interest in the work of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Immediately after the War, when N.S.P.C.C. inspectors were returning from their service overseas, a parade of the whole of the Society's Officers was arranged in London. Prince Albert, as he was then known, reviewed them in the garden of St. James's Palace. On that occasion His Royal Highness said the nation owed the Society a debt of gratitude and expressed his approval of our methods of supervision and advice. Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth was a member of the Society for many years prior to her marriage and is a generous annual subscriber. Amongst the various philanthropic organisations of our land the N.S.P.C.C. to-day occupies a place of honour. It is the champion of the nation's oppressed children. That there should be any necessity for such an agency is regrettable indeed, but while human nature remains what

it is, the children must needs suffer. To deal with so sad a tendency is the work of the N.S.P.C.C., and to deal with it wisely and effectively, rather than in a merely primitive direction, is its constant aim. Sir G. Wyatt Truscott, Bt., hon. treasurer, will welcome gifts to maintain the Society's work, addressed to him at Headquarters, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2.

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In a personal appeal for The Royal Cancer Hospital the Earl of Granard and Field-Marshal Lord Milne use these words:

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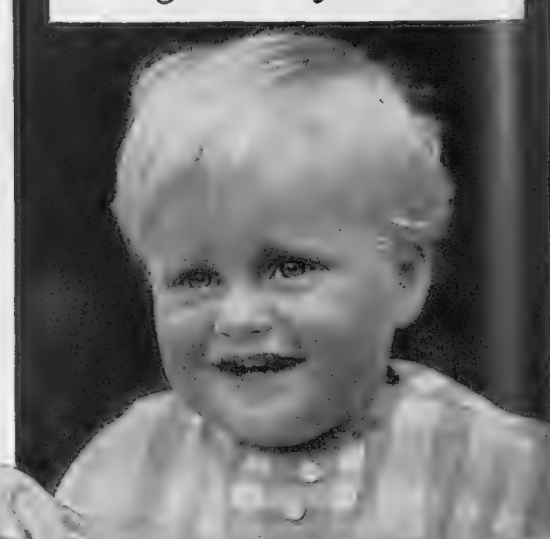
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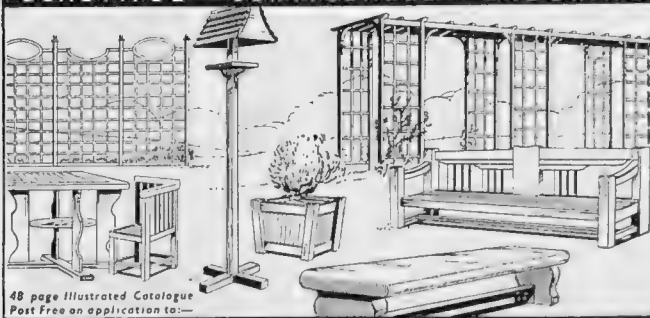
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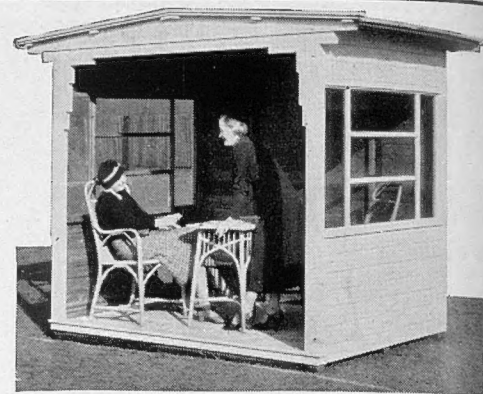
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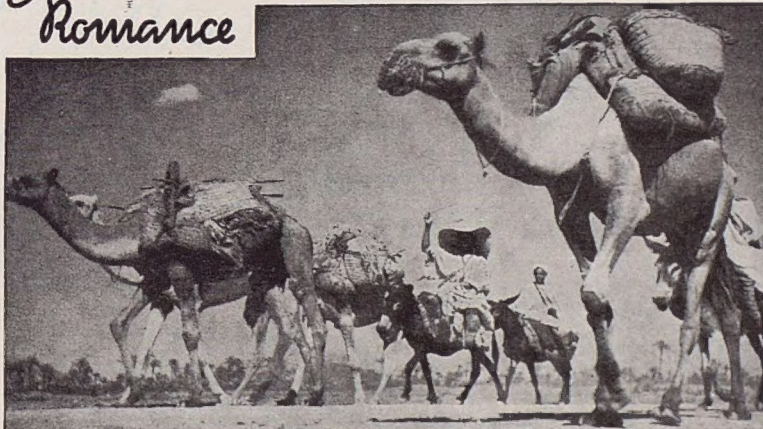
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